

OF

CARDINAL NEWMAN

A Tribute by an American Lady

CAROLINE VINTON HENRY

Illustrated with Aumerous Engravings.

Published with the approbation of his Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Chicago.

Introduction by Miss ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

"Cor ad cor loquitus."
Heart speaketh unto Heart.

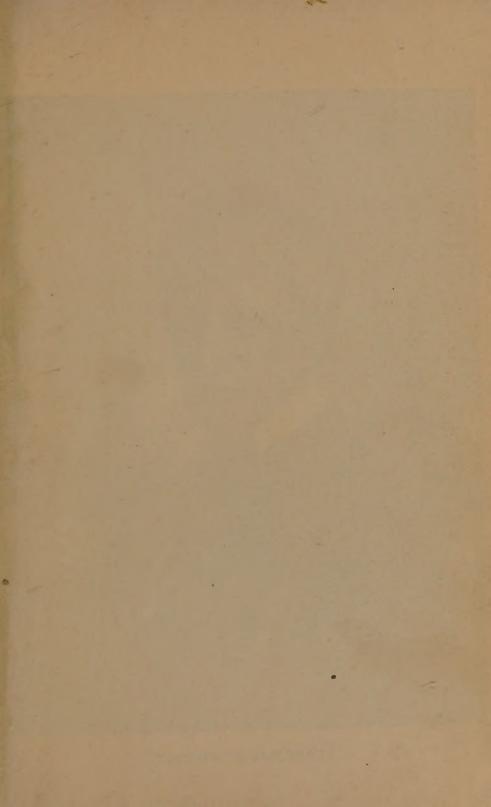
-CARDINAL NEWMAN.

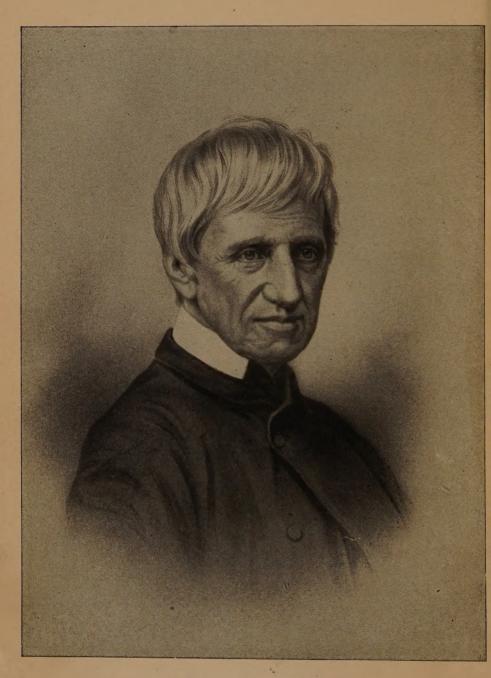
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CARDINAL NEWMAN

DEDICATION.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE PLEASANT HOURS OF THE PAST, IN TOKEN OF TRUE
AND TESTED FRIENDSHIP OF THE PRESENT, WITH MANY KINDLY
THOUGHTS, WISHES AND RECOLLECTIONS, THIS LITTLE
BOOK IS DEDICATED TO MY DEAR FRIEND,

MISS ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

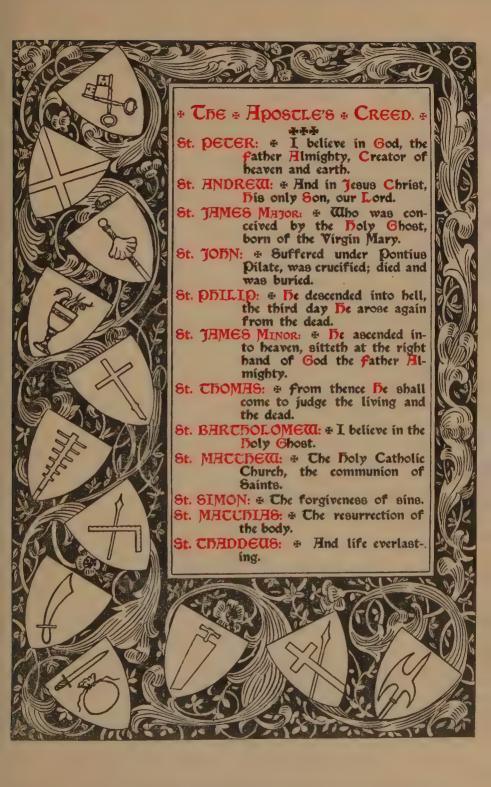
WHOSE GENTLE, KIND AND THOUGHTFUL WAYS, HAVE WARMED THE HEART AND SOOTHED THE MIND FOR MANY A VACANT HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR.

IMPRIMATUR:

♣ PATRICK A. FEEHAN,

ARCHBISHOP OF CHICAGO.





INTRODUCTION.

The charm of JOHN HENRY NEWMAN'S personality was, and continues to be, the intellectual and religious idealism essential to his nature, resulting in a spiritual realism like that of the spiritual body promised to us by Saint Paul at the resurrection.

For this reason, the facts of his life have a significance, an interest, beyond anything which can be said about him in the way of praise, blame or theorizing, even to those who do not accept, dogmatically, the results of this ideal-realistic nature; each one drawing from the facts related inferences suiting the individual aspect under which this poet and theologian may come to the mind. Therefore, "Personal Reminiscences of John Henry (Cardinal) Newman," as prepared by Mrs. Henry, in the modest volume bearing this title, will find a place on every library shelf at the side of his "Poems," "Loss and Gain," "Callista," "Apologia," "Grammar of Assent," with every "Occasional Sermon," or fragment of any sort from the pen of a man who, at his earliest youth, attracted and held every one who came near to him.

As Mrs. Henry has told in this narrative, the "Reminiscences" began in the stories told to her by her young husband of Father Newman, who prepared him, as a convert, for his first communion; these reminiscences, made sacred by the intimate intercourse between soul and soul under such solemn circumstances.

To these literally personal reminiscences, Mrs. Henry has added everything within her reach which tells upon the life of this remarkable man, laying under tribute the members of the Oratory itself. The simplicity with which everything has been told, the directness of the narrative, which has not been allowed to spin itself out in irrelevant matters, will make "The Reminiscences" a book delightful to the young, who will seize upon the character lines and place the subject in their mental gallery as "A Study from Life," to become a model on which to form their own ideal of honor, honest, straightforward obedience to the Spirit of God, "Blowing as it listeth," leaving the consequences to Him who said: "He who is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."

The influence of such a man as Newman can never be weighed or measured. His thoughts, his actions, have been woven into the events of our century and can be no more eliminated from it than the subtlest elements of earth, air, fire and water from our atmostphere. The touch of the bow on his violin was the touch of his soul rather than of his hand; there was a sweetness in the intonations of his penetrating voice which no elocutionist's art could call forth; and there was a pathos in the entire life—the life of struggle, of aspiration, of that isolation which must have been his even in the sweet companionship of the Oratory and peaceful Birmingham—which touches the heart of the reader, drawing forth responses like that which came to his thought from the instrument he loved so well.

The illustrations in the book, the fac-simile of "LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT," help the impressions which the perusal of these "Personal Reminiscences" must have on the mind, and giving a background to one of the noblest, most attractive figures of the nineteenth century.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, FEAST OF ALL SAINTS, 1899.

PREFACE.

This little book does not claim to be a history of the life of the late Cardinal Newman—such a work could not be compressed within the limited dimensions of the present volume, and would require access to material not within my reach.

I merely sought to place in the hands of the general reader, a story of exalted virtue, of meekness, patience, humility, firmness, courage, faith in God, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, unbounded charity toward men; in a word, to place in the hands of the reader, a sketch akin to the life of a saint.

I am not without hope that the spiritual benefit from the study of so holy a life as that of JOHN HENRY (Cardinal) NEWMAN may not fall short of that to be obtained from the reading of a canonized servant of God.

The little incidents in his everyday life, will, I trust, prove interesting. The facts and dates and much other important matter, have been selected with care from the most reliable authorities.

AUTHOR.



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CHAPTER I.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

One of the most remarkable men of the nineteenth century, both on account of his intellectual gifts and on account of his long, eventful career, a noble factor in the history of the religious movement of the age, was the late John Henry (Cardinal) Newman.

Whatever people may have thought of his creed, they never had two opinions of his vast mental endowments.

To most English people his features were familiar enough, through the agency of the camera; keen, ascetic, face worn with deep furrows, of one who had thought much, troubled much, and perhaps—suffered much.

Still more vividly will they recall the various episodes of his life, his influence over a large body of wavers, when the Catholic spirit was at its height, the honors conferred upon him, in his old age, and his quiet, sequestered, lettered life at Edgliaston Oratory.

It is not necessary for one to be a communicant in the Church of Rome to cherish an admiration bordering on reverence for the eminent Oratorian.

He was forty-five years an Anglican, and forty-five years in the communion of the Catholic Church. No man in the world ever lead a more holy life, not even the saints; in the sense of purity and piety, and devotional earnestness and conscientious zeal, not many rivalled him in

the production of his intellectual life, in the variety of his intellectual gifts.

It is of this distinguished man I propose to give a few. personal reminiscences, or short sketch of his life, which often formed the subject of twilight conversation, for years, with one whom I will call "Philip," name taken at his confirmation, in honor of "St. Philip Neri," Patron Saint of the Oratory. He was a constant visitor during his early boyhood to the Oratory, whose conversion from the Church of England to the Catholic Church was due wholly to the teachings of Cardinal Newman. His father was an Anglican clergyman of the Established Church of England, and subsequently Anglican Bishop. A graduate of Oxford, it was my happy privilege to receive this account of pleasant memories from his own lips.

John Henry Newman was born under the sound of Bow Bells, London, August 11, 1801; was the son of Mr. John Newman, of the banking house of Rambottom, Newman & Co.; his mother was Mme. Fourdninier, a member of a Huguenot family, and of great personal accomplishments. His father was a man of cultivation, equally enthusiastic as a musician.

During the early part of his life he lived in Bloombury Square; one of his earliest playmates was Benjamin Disraeli.

This sketch will not make any pretentions to furnish new or hitherto unpublished material, as it is, I pretend, no more than to compress into a brief narrative some of the main facts of a very remarkable life.

Of truly earthly fame, more has fallen to the humble minded Oratorian than is likely to be the lot of men now living. His reputation as a scholar in the University at



A BIT OF OLD LONDON.



Oxford, his urbanity, and the unblemished life which he led, made his conversion the most remarkable event of the nineteenth century.

It is a little curious to remember that Dr. Newman by his mother, and Dr. Faber by his father, were descendants of the Huguenots. His sisters were very learned people and deeply read in Ecclesiastical history, and were very agreeable and unaffected. Next to the Cardinal came his brother, Prof. Francis William Newman. When he became of age, Dr. Newman addressed him a set of rhymes:

"Dear Frank, we both are summoned now As Champions of the Lord, Enrolled am I, and shortly tho' Must buckle on the sword.

A high employment not lightly given—
To serve as messenger of God."

It may be a modest illustration of the old truth as to the household of prophets that not one of Cardinal Newman's immediate family followed him into the church, "Though he drew the stars after him."

We watch him from a boy into impetuous youth, and finally determined in the character of his manhood, expanding as the bud expands into the flower, determining circumstances rather than determined by them. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Cardinal Newman was born a loyal Catholic. He was a most remarkable illustration of the providence of God, which called him, as it calls so many, from his mother's womb. He was from his childhood, or at least from his early youth, the faithful servant of God. It would seem that God had His eye upon him and chose him as He chose St. John the Baptist to prepare the way of the Lord. Of his own

accord, under the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, bursting the bonds, seeing clearly through the mist, fighting his solitary way to the City of God, and entering at the door, remaining all the time, to the end, the same as he had ever been. It was his unbroken obedience to the Divine Light that was the fount and spring of the perfect consistency of Cardinal Newman.

Cardinal Newman, like all leaders of men, had a very strong will. It was overcome by his wonderful spirit of docility. The child is father to the man, especially of one so consistent as he was. An incident of his infancy was characteristic of his life. After an infantile struggle for mastery, between mother and son—the loving mother and her strong-willed child—she reminded him: "You see, John, you did not get your own way." "No," was his answer, "but I tried very hard." This natural struggle of will makes more wonderful and more beautiful his child love of authority and humble submission to it wherever it was recognized. Obedience raises the soul at once to a state of friendship with God, and this comes at a time when a call comes from God, and it is called conversion. Such a call came to Cardinal Newman at the age of fifteen, while still at school at Ealing.

Long before his conversion, he tells us that he used to cross himself when he went into the dark and when he sketched a pair of beads and cross in his note-book he cannot remember from what source he derived the idea. Strange shadows, these, of coming events! happy omens that seemed to hang around him all his life throughstrange confirmation, too, of the assertion of his friends "that he was one and the same in heart and feeling from first to last." A story has been told on the authority of



his nurse. "One day when he was quite a little child, he woke up one morning troubled and distressed and jumping up in his little cot, 'Nurse,' he said, 'there are three things that I am afraid I shall have to do-I shall have to go to school, I shall have to choose a professor, and I shall have to get married." "From the age of fifteen, dogma had been the fundamental principle of my religion. I know no other religion. Religion as a mere sentiment is to me a dream, a mockery. As well can there be filial love without the fact of a father, as a devotion without the fact of a superior being. What I held in 1816 I held in 1833 and I hold in 1864. Please God, I shall hold it to the end."* In his early boyhood days he was lacking in that love of games which every wise parent likes to see in his children, for the simple reason that the want of it generally indicates some weakness, but it did not in Cardinal Newman's case. A man like him is not to be judged by the ordinary standard. His intense mental activity absorbed all his energies and rendered him indifferent to the pursuits which are only too engrossing to the average boys. One reason why is, their bodily vigor is far in advance of their intellectual activity; this was not young Newman's case. He was too earnest, too thoroughly convinced even at an early age of the importance and seriousness of life, to have any sympathy with the trivial talk and banter that characterized an Oxford wine party. "I cannot," wrote his brother Frank, "remember seeing him at any play, though we had plenty of games. We had cricket and pounder, and in the winter months foot-ball, hop-scotch, pat-ball and a multiform of games of marbles. As far back as my mem-

^{*}Apologia, p. 120.

ory reaches, in none of these was John Henry Newman to be seen."

Trinity Sunday, 1819, he writes: "If there is any time in which the glory of our college is humbled and all appearance of goodness fades away it is Trinity Monday." He refers to receiving communion on Trinity Sunday and following it on Monday with drinking and other demonstrations of which he does not approve. He speaks of a quarrel existing among some of the undergraduates, but, unhappily, a reconciliation takes place and the wine party is agreed upon. That he lived throughout his undergraduate course in union with God and making His service the aim of his life, can never be doubted, from the tone of the following, written after his first examination: "I read very much, but God enables me to praise him with joyful lips; when I rise, when I lie down, when I waken in the night, it is my daily prayer, and I hope heartfelt prayer, that I might not get my honors here, if they are to be the least cause of sin to me." The letter he wrote to his father after his unsuccessful examination, then in the schools at Oxfordanother instance of unshaken consistency of his character from youth till age, that keen sensitiveness which those who knew him will vividly remember in his later years, which made him feel so keenly for others, with unaffected modesty he recognized that God had given him great gifts. For, like all other men when genius is unclouded by morbid self-deprecation, he knew full well that he had talents such as are rarely granted to the sons of men. He was always modest, retiring, humble, ready to learn of others, but at the same time he was grateful to God for his wonderful gifts and knew full well that he possessed them.

To his father he wrote: "It is all over. I have not suc-

ceeded. The pain it gives to me to be obliged to inform you and my mother of it I could not express. What I feel on my own account is indeed nothing at all compared with the thought I have disappointed you, and most willingly would I consent to a hundred times the sadness that now overshadows me, if so doing would save my mother and you from feeling vexation. I will not attempt to describe what I have gone through. I have done everything I could to attain my object. I have spared no labor. My reputation in my college is as solid as before, if not so splendid. If a man falls in battle after a display of bravery, he is honored as a hero. Ought not the same glory to attend them who fall in the field of literary conflict?" He still had confidence in his own powers, and as the year drew to a close he conceived the idea of standing for a fellowship at Oriel, at that time the ambition of all rising young men at Oxford. He aspired to some prominent place in his loved university, refusing very tempting offers as tutorship in gentlemen's families which would have taken him away from Oxford, and applying to himself the lines of Gray—

"And hushed in grim repose expects his wished-for prey."

He had written a letter to his mother, speaking in strong terms of his own deficiences, and she in reply warned him against the danger of too great a dissatisfaction with himself. The tone in which he writes, both before and after his election as Fellow at Oriel, shows clearly how the golden thread which gave color to his whole life was never broken, but led him safely through the luxurious ease of an Oxford Common Room, and he was not satisfied until he had won the highest prize that Oxford then afforded.

When one thinks of quaint old Oxford streets it will bring

to mind a hurrying figure with bent head—it is John Henry Newman, with his kind eyes and thoughtful smile.

What a place was Oxford in those days, with Copleston, Keble, Pusey, Hurrell Froude and those whom Newman's great magnetism made friends when he was a fellow and tutor at Oriel. A man of so broad and selfless and a tender heart that the very memory of him makes one look at the world with kindlier and deep seeing eyes.

He appeals always to the best in mind and heart. There is something very beautiful and pathetic in the sorrowful strength of the figure that stands forth in the light of the comment and criticism of England. No man had deeper love for his friends and was so tender of them. Yet he must stand by in silence while they turned away from him in sorrow at the course he had taken. This estrangement of those who were so dear to him never ceased to be a source of great pain.

One-half the converts of the last fifty years owe their conversion, directly or indirectly, to this great man. There are those who speak of him with the tenderness of a son. "Philip" could never speak his name without tears in his eyes, and said, as many others have said: "How his strength made me strong and he was ever my guiding star through the dark ways." Many whom the world never hears of he has made strong, and helped hundreds of struggling souls unto victory and peace. No one could have a greater tribute than this, and I know his own heart would be very full of joy and thankfulness could he see into how many battling souls his life has brought helpfulness and hopefulness. The writer of this book is one and the companion who spent so many happy hours telling of the noble life of Cardinal Newman. And to this grand life this

book is a tribute, by one who has made his life a study. No one could have anything but praise for a life so consistently true as his. No life in the last century can for a moment compare with his. He was a modern type of the Roman Saint whom he so loved, and even St. Philip Neri himself was not more to those who flocked about him than was his faithful son, Cardinal Newman, who helped and influenced so many. The question was once asked Dr. Newman, "Will all England be converted?" Having cautiously gotten the whole question into proper shape, Dr. Newman made this reply. The reply was, "Spero Fore." As he said this a sweet smile took possession of his lips and his eyes brightened with joy.

Oh! may all take refuge in the hope for the conversion of America to the faith in those two golden words of Dr. Newman, "Spero Fore."

The work that God called him to and to which he devoted his whole life was the conversion of England, and England loves that great man, dear to England during his lifetime, and ever remain so. Love begets love and devotion begets devotion.

When the Fathers went into retreat letters of inquiry from various quarters came to know the time when he would preach. The writers of these letters were most always Protestants, sometimes the gentry having country seats in the neighborhood, frequently Anglican clergymen.

It required no little nerve to overcome the embarrassment which lay in the way of coming to Catholic service.

To hear Dr. Newman preach was an affair of magnetic attraction, sufficient to overcome any ordinary difficulty, excuse all scruples, and override human respect.

Dr. Pusey said once, speaking of Dr. Newman's conversion, "that the Roman Catholic Church prayed harder for Dr. Newman than we did, and God gave him to them." Gladstone was perfectly aware of the burning zeal in the friend of his early years and that his own conversion was a hope near to that great heart. Could he love Dr. Newman less for being so valued? Gladstone was only one conspicuous man among many others that did not follow Dr. Newman into the church, but loved him none the less.

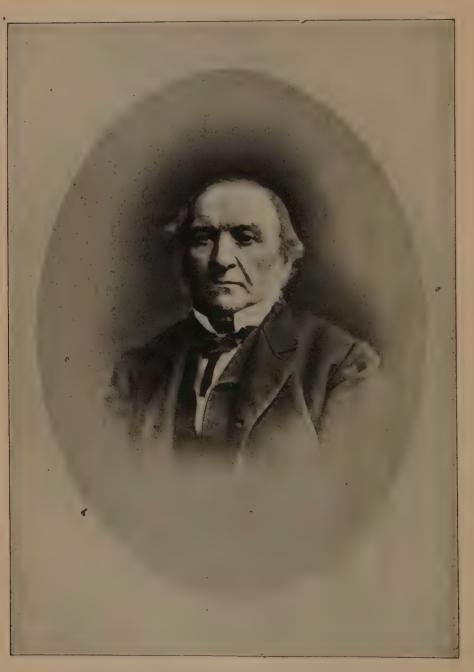
No man ever left the Anglican Church more regretted by those with whom he was associated than Dr. Newman. The High Church still spoke of him after he left the church as "Dear John Henry Newman, lost to us," they added reluctantly. Cardinal Newman carried one or two hundred. clergymen into the Church of Rome. At Cardinal Newman's discovery upon what the Anglican Church stood, he turned his course and considered the great error of his life. He retraced his steps as soon as he discovered he had taken the wrong path. But the change of climate does not always change the man. The leader of the Tractarian party was still the same "John Henry Newman."

There is a fact of which very few people know, that in the Bodleian Library there is a copy of a poem written when the Cardinal was an undergraduate-"St. Bartholomew's Eve." A tale of the sixteenth century, in two cantos. This long-forgotten publication is, it need hardly be said, extremely rare, but the Bodleian copy is something more than merely rare.

On the fly-leaf is the Cardinal's autograph:

"My dear and most intimate friend, John William Bowden, and I, undergraduates at Trinity College, wrote a publication. This tale, the first canto, was written in 1817,





WM. E GLADSTONE—ENGLISH STATESMAN

the second in 1819. The plot was joint framing, the verses were shared between us. I have assigned each passage to the author and cannot have made any serious mistake. Perhaps a few lines were done in common and belong to both of us."*

Some things are not told of the Cardinal which, after all that has been written about him, will now be new to all but his intimate friends. He very early mastered music, as a science, and attained such proficiency on the violinat the age of twelve years he composed an opera. He had no suspicion that theology would become his absolute interest. His parents intended him for law, and he kept some terms at Lincoln Inn. He always said he had lost by not being a public school man, though the private school to which he was sent—Dr. Nichols' at Ealing—was considered one of the best in the country.

He carried off an Oriel Fellowship, then regarded the highest prize the university had to offer. He went into the Oriel common room as a shy man, with head and mind in a continual ferment of emotion and speculative

yearning for sympathy and truth.

During his early years of residence at Oriel he was very much alone and often took his walk alone, met by Dr. Copleston, then Provost, who remarked to one of the Fellows of Oriel: "Nunquamminus solus quan cumsolus." After that he had the intimacy of Dr. Pusey, which endured until the end of the latter's life, though it was, of course, more or less broken upon by Dr. Newman's conversion to the Catholic Church.

Dr. Newman remarked: "I could not fail to love and

^{*}J. H. N., July 15, 1879.

revere a soul so devoted to the cause of religion, so full of affection."

Littlemore, the place attached to Dr. Newman's living at St. Mary's, was a spot made famous after Dr. Newman left the English Church. It is a place of pilgrimage for enthusiastic young Oxford men who love his memory. The simplest words that dropped from him were treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond. To hundreds of young men "Credo in Newmanum" was the genuine symbol of faith. "Credo in Newmanum" was a common phrase at Oxford.

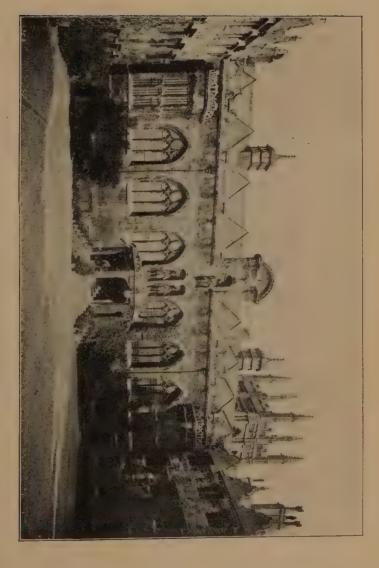
Though Dr. Newman had gone in presence from Oxford he was the one influence abiding in the place and his spirit and his name were everywhere. With it Oxford resounded—as Hebrus of old with that of Eurydice:

"Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains sung."

When Dr. Newman was fifteen years of age he fell under the influence of a definite creed.

The Rev. Walter Mayers of Pembroke College, Oxford, was the human means of this beginning of divine faith and from the effect of books placed in his hands, all of the school of "Calvin." He had no idea that that belief would lead him to be careless about pleasing God.

In 1822 he says: "I came under a very different influence. Dr. Whately taught me to think and use my reason." They became very intimate friends. He was Dr. Whately's vice principal in Alban Hall. Dr. Whately saw the signs of an incipient piety of which Dr. Newman was not conscious; 'twas then he discerned the first elements in



COURT OF ORIEL COLLEGE—OXFORD.



the movement afterward called "Tractarian." The true and primary author of that movement, however, as is usual with great motive power, was out of sight. Having carried off, as a mere boy, the highest honors of the University, he turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, sought pastoral work in the country—need I say I am speaking of John Keble?

When Dr. Newman was elected Fellow of Oriel, Keble was not in residence.

The first time Dr. Newman met him was on the occasion of his election as Fellowat Oriel—when he was sent for into the tower to shake hands with the Provost and Fellows.

"How is that hour fixed in my mind after the changes of forty-two years!" says Cardinal Newman. He bore the congratulations very well until Keble came and extended his hand; he then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honor done to him, that he seemed desirous "of quite sinking into the ground," to use his own words. His has been the first name he had heard spoken of, with reverence rather than admiration, when he came up to Oxford.

When the news arrived of the success of Dr. Newman at Oriel he was practising music. The Provost's butler took the news to him at his lodgings and found him playing the violin.

This in itself disconcerted the messenger, who did not associate such an accomplishment with a candidateship for the Oriel Common Room, but his perplexity was increased when on his delivering what may be considered his usual form of speech on such occasions, "he had, he feared, disagreeable news to announce, viz.: That Dr. Newman was elected Fellow of Oriel, and that his immediate presence was needed." He answered, "Very well," and went on fid-

dling. The butler thought he must have addressed the wrong person, to which Dr. Newman replied "it was all right," but, as may be imagined, no sooner had the man left than he flung down his instrument and dashed down stairs. The electors at Oriel heard that Dr. Newman belonged, and had for years, to a club of instrumental music and had himself taken part in public performance, a diversion innocent in itself, but scarcely in keeping or in sympathy with an intellectual Common Room or promising a satisfactory career to a nascent Fellow of Oriel, so thought the "Quid Minis."

Dr. Newman nevertheless went on fiddling; his pupil, F. Rogers, the late Lord Blatchford, joined him herein, and wrote, "Your sermons and Beethoven are very satisfactory." Beethoven was Cardinal Newman's favorite composer and, as I have before remarked, so proficient was Cardinal Newman in music that at the early age of twelve years he composed an opera. His musical ability I have spoken of in a chapter devoted to him as a "Musician."

It was in February, 1828, that Rev. John Henry Newman was presented by his college with the Vicarage of "St. Mary's the Virgin" in Oxford. The new Vicar was just twenty-seven years of age when "he was read in" as the ceremony is called by which it requires his adherence to the Established Church. Who could bear to think of the immense interests so often affected by events, trifling in themselves, if he did not believe.

> "There is a divinity which shapes our ends, Rough hew them as we will."

In the memoirs of Sir John Taylor Coleridge he speaks of his disappointment of not seeing Keble elected Provost,

but some think if Keble had been elected Provost the Vicarage of St. Mary's would not have been vacated, and none of us know how much there might have been in whose lives the occupation of St. Mary's by Dr. Newman from 1828 to 1841 was more or less the turning point. Six years before this (1822) he had achieved the most startling success of his life—his election to a Fellowship at Oriel College. Those who know the University only of late years can hardly, by any exercise of the imagination, picture to themselves the place in the university and the Anglican world which Oriel held in those days—talent, merit and attainment were the prizes peculiar to Oriel. All students of promise were drawn to Oriel, and it was a surprise that in 1822 a very young man, known only to his fellows, who had never been to a public school and did not pass his examination (on account of illness) was preferred to many candidates.

Oriel College, in electing the one man whose name will in all future time throw upon it a luster beyond any that has been reflected upon it by any and all of its sons during the five and a half centuries of its past existence. That its connection with his own name has been and is the special glory of his college, he alone of all men in his day seemed never to have suspected.

In the heart of Oxford there is a small plot of ground which has been in possession and the home of one society for about 500 years. Edward II, as I have above stated, made a vow to erect a religious house in honor of the Blessed Virgin if he returned safely from the battle of Bannockburn.

King and Almoner have long been in the dust, and their creed forgotten and the holy rites disowned, but day by day

a memento was made at last by one Catholic priest, once member of that college, for the souls of those Catholic benefactors who fed him for so many years.

The history of St. Mary's, if it met with vates sacre worthy to celebrate, it might fill a volume, to say nothing of an article by itself. I refer to it chiefly because the reader will see how appropriate a cradle it was to the new movement, the beginning of which Dr. Newman dates from Sunday, July 14, 1833. When Keble preached the Assize sermon in St. Mary's that movement made itself felt all over the world.

On Sunday mornings, at half-past ten, the Rector in his Academical habit, meets the Vice Chancellor and heads of college in "Adam de Brome" Chapel, once "Our Lady's Chapel." The procession moves into the church, preceded by the beadles, bearing maces. Who does not remember the conversation in "Loss and Gain" between Reading and Sheffield? The Dean of the clergy wears a suit of black cloth, large white up-standing collar and, as a general rule, a cape. They always wear their black Academical gown and cap when they go on the street.

Dr. Newman, in his early youth and manhood, was exceedingly near-sighted; no one ever saw him without his glasses. In later years he never wore any.

Among his pupils there was a tradition that once or twice he was known to take off his glasses for a moment in lecture, and that the change that was made! he looked like another man. If he took them off in lecture he was obliged to feel for them on the table, he was so very near-sighted. Spectacles, however, only bring the objects to sight in front, and consequently it was noticed that objects on the side or a little behind him often escaped unseen.

The time came when this was a decided gain to a man who was one of the very last to enjoy the consciousness "quad monstroe digiti praetercuntian." He walked rapidly, looking straight before him. He was eagerly pointed out by some Oxford men.

Photography was not in those days to make the features of all celebrated men familiar, and not until after he was a Catholic did his picture appear, although the picture was taken before.

It has always been necessary for the students to engage other private tutors, thereby incurring extra expenses, but Dr. Newman's pupils found this needless, as he gave to each of them, partly in private lectures in addition to regular lectures of the college, partly in private intercourse, or walking with them, so much of his time and attention as to render all other private tutors a needless expense.

Indeed, it was the over-exertion caused by work, public examination with that of college tutor, before he became Vicar of St. Mary's, that brought on a severe illness when he made his visit to the Mediterranean.

The step of the great tractarian movement was deliberately taken by men who had doubt that the Church of England was Catholic. While convinced of its corruption, the idea of abandoning it never occurred to them.

Dr. Newman did not carry himself erect, or make the best of his height. He did not stoop, but he had a slight bend forward, owing to the rapidity of his movements and to his always talking when he was walking. His dress became almost the badge of his followers. It was a long-tailed coat, not always very new. He did not care particularly about his dress; he never studied his "get up," or ever thought of it. Keble, Froude and other Oxford

Tories got up a subscription for a statue of Wellington, to be given to the University. The appeal was not responded to by the country clergy as Mr. Froude thought it ought to be, and a bust was all that could be hoped for. Dr. Newman took the part of the clergy. "They can't afford it," he said. Froude replied "they could do with one coat less a year." Dr. Newman replied: "Perhaps they are doing that already."

It became the fashion to despise solemnity of manner and stateliness of gait. Dr. Newman walked quick, and with a congenial companion, talked incessantly. He was, upon all occasions, a study for imitation.

Dr. Newman's great appreciation of the humorous, extraordinary exuberance of spirits, something of the Highland idea. He once gave a humorous illustration of it. Mr. Mozley's servant drove Dr. Newman in a pony trap eleven miles. The poor man, who was a gardener and always had a good deal to say about the country and things in general, talked the whole way. The next letter from Dr. Newman ended with, "Pony went well, and so did Meacher's (the servant's) tongue. Shoot them both, they never will be better than they are now."

The house occupied by the Newman family, after the death of Dr. Newman's father, was a cottage in Iffley." The name of the cottage was "Rose Bank Cottage," on the Oxford side of the Isis. His mother and sisters took a hand in the school and the poor at Littlemore. It is supposed that the house the family occupied previous to Rose Bank Cottage was the home of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who occupied it some time under the patronage of the Harcourt family, and it is supposed to be the "Auburn" of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."





DINING HALL—CHRIST COLLEGE, OXFORD

On Trinity Monday, the day of elections of Fellows and students at Trinity College, Oxford, there was an ancient custom of conviviality which without doubt often led to serious intemperance. Dr. Newman condemned it, and wrote a violent condemnation. Trinity Sunday, 1824, Dr. Newman was ordained as Anglican clergyman, and preached his first sermon ten days afterward. The text was rather a strange anticipation of his own career, that formed a string of happy omens in his early life. "Man goeth forth to his work and his labors till the evening." It was far more Catholic in tone than were the comments of those who attacked it on the ground of Evangelical teaching.

Even in his early days the same Catholic instinct seemed to have led him home, amid all the Evangelical and anti-Catholic prejudices, to a spontaneous devotion to the Holy Mother of God. His brother Frank, when he came up to Oxford, received both intellectual and material aid from his older brother. He is compelled to admit the "estimable benefits" that he received from him, though he in return is not ashamed to have assailed his memory in a miserable little book he published. Among the interesting facts he narrates in this book which shows how his Catholic instincts were already leading him to a love for the Blessed Virgin: "When I was arranging my furniture in my rooms (1824) I suddenly found a beautiful engraving of the Blessed Virgin fixed up. I went to the paint shop and begged its immediate removal, and then learned that my brother had ordered it. But after my repulse of his engaged Virgin he came out with an attack on Protestants collectively and said 'that they forgot that sacred utterance, "Blessed art thou among women." " This is what Francis Newman writes of his brother, Cardinal Newman.

His early devotion to her was an anticipation of the most systematic honor that he subsequently paid to her, and that he mentions as having been implanted in him some three years later by Hurrell Froude. If there was any individual more than another who influenced Dr. Newman's opinions, and to some extent determined his future career, it was Mr. Hurrell Froude.

His relinquishment of the Oriel tutorship was the beginning of the movement that has shaken Anglicanism to its foundation and opened through God's mercy a new era to Catholicity in England.

In October, 1839, he made the astounding confidence that for two years and four months after the frightful surprise strongly impressed on his mind, he disclosed it to only two intimate friends-Henry Wilberforce and Sir Frederick Rogers. He said: "I cannot conceal the fact from myself that for the first time since I began the study of theology a vista has opened before me, to the end of which I do not see." He was walking in New Forest, and he borrowed the expression from the surrounding scenery. That surprise to his friends was the keynote to his whole conduct. It was like a thunderbolt to his companions, and they expressed the hope Dr. Newman might die rather than take such a step. He replied that he had thought if ever the time should come when he was in serious danger that if it was not indeed the will of God he might be taken away before he did it. He spoke of it only as a possibility, but he said, "It is necessary that I should give satisfactory answer to Dr. Wiseman's article on 'Donatists,' or I shall have all the young men around me, such as Ward. of Balliol, and others, going over to Rome." He walked some time in silent musing, and then he said: "I will promise you I will not take such a step unless Keble and Pusey agree with me it is my duty.

In the great change in Dr. Newman there is a characteristic allusion in "Loss and Gain." There are only two passing references to Dr. Newman. He is called "Smith" at the end of the seventeenth chapter. Reading and Barber are talking with Campbell. "Did you hear the report?" says Reading; "I do not think much of it myself, that Smith was moving?" "Not possible," says Campbell, thoughtfully. "Impossible; quite impossible," cried Barber; "such a triumph to the enemy. I will not believe 'till I see it." "Not impossible," says Campbell, as he buttoned and fitted his great coat about him. "He has shifted his ground."

Dr. Newman withdrew, one after another, from every situation and means of influence in the University. His conduct seemed unaccountable to those around him, for they saw he was gradually withdrawing himself at a moment when his influence and power of doing good was greater than it had ever been. It was no step under impulse, but a deliberate course of action. He accordingly gave up the editorship of the "British Critic." He also formed the plan of giving up St. Mary's, and postponed it only in deference to the opinion of the friends he most trusted. Between Christmas and Easter, 1843, he preached at St. Mary's four times, and only once as an Anglican, at Littlemore, on giving up his benefices. The sermon preached that day was "Parting of Friends." Never can that scene which took place when it was delivered be forgotten by any one who heard those words-"Think of such a one in years to come."

A sermon preached at Littlemore, the speaker and the hearers alike knowing it was his farewell to the English Church. He used the following words:

"Oh my brethren! Oh kind and affectionate hearts! Oh loving friends, should you ever know any one whose lot it has been, by writing, by word of mouth, in some degree to help you to act; if he has ever told you what you know about yourselves, or what you did not know; have read to you, or your want of feeling and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel there was a higher life than this daily one and a brighter world than that you see, or encouraged you, or solaced you, or opened a way to the enquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has ever said or done has ever made you take an interest in him and feel well inclined toward him, remember such a one in time to come, and though you hear him not, pray for him that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fill it."

Towards the Church of England Cardinal Newman held an affection, so long as he felt it possible, to hold in it Catholic doctrine. "Why should I deny to your memory what is so pleasant in mine? Cannot I, too, look back on many years past and many events which I myself experienced what is now your confidence? Can I forget the happy life I have led all my days, with no cares, no anxieties worth remembering, or a fever of thought, or gloom of mind, a doubt of God's love to me and Providence over me? Can I forget—I never can forget—the day when in my youth I first bound myself to the ministry of God in that old Church of St. Friedoswik, the patroness of Oxford? How I wept most abundant and most sweet tears when I thought what I had become? Can I wipe

out those happy Sunday mornings, light or dark, year after year, when I celebrated your communion rite, in your own church of St. Mary's and in the pleasantest joy of it, heard nothing of the strife of tongues which surrounded its walls? Why shall I not, too, feel the soothing recollection of these early years which I spent in retirement at Littlemore preparing for my deliverance from Egypt, wishing for light, and by degrees gaining it, with less of temptation in my heart and sin on my conscience than ever before?"

That voice so penetratingly sweet, whose every whisper used to thrill through crowded churches, whose very breath was held to hear. "He seemed to be addressing the most secret conscience of each of us," says one who frequently heard him. "And a quarter of a century afterwards, those who heard him confess his voice still lingered in their hearts." As he spoke the old words became new. He laid his finger gently, yet how powerfully, on some inner place in the hearer's heart.

To call those sermons eloquent would not be the word, for those high poems. They were rather of an inspired singer. And the tone of his voice in which they were spoken sounded like a fine strain of unearthly music. Through the stillness of that high gothic church of St. Mary's, the words fell on the ear like the measured drippings of water from some vast dim cave.*

In resigning his place in the movement he wrote to the Bishop of Oxford: "I have nothing to say, to be sorry for, except having made your Lordship anxious and others whom I was bound to revere. I have nothing to be sorry for, but everything to rejoice in and be thankful for. I have never taken pleasure in being able to move a

^{*}Sharp Studies-Poetry and Philosophy.

party and whatever influence I have had has been found, not sought after. I have acted because others did not act, and have sacrificed a quiet, which I prize. May God be with me, in time to come, as He has been hitherto, and He will be, if I keep my hands clean and my heart pure."

Converts may truly thank God (which the writer of this can say from the very bottom of her heart) that He has given them blessings far beyond anything which they then dreamed.

They have found in coming into the Church of God, from which they shrunk, with a fear not wholly blamable, because it sprung from a misguided conscience, that the things they feared are nowhere to be found, the things for which they hoped are beyond all that they could ask or think.

The old High Church traditions never died out of Oxford. There were elderly men whose influence at Oxford was all in the direction of Catholic observances, men who walked out week after week to "Gladstone" on each Friday that they might dine off fish, who discontinued their daily indulgence of snuff during Lent, did reverence to the altar on entering church, turned to the East at the creed.

It became a fixed fact in Dr. Newman's early life that it was the will of God he should lead a single life. This had a great effect in fitting him to be the guide and friend of young men.

He has told us how there were in his childhood some curious anticipations of the close of his religious voyage, in the Roman Catholic Church. To his great surprise he found in his first verse book the drawing of a solid upright cross and a Rosary and a cross suspended to it. And at

the age of sixteen, although brought up, as we have said, under the strictest Evangelical influence, he felt the strong impression that it was the will of God that he should lead a single life, an impression which holds its ground ever since. "With a break of a month now, and a month then, up to 1829, and after that date without any break at all." Mr. Hallam seems to think his recollection may to some extent have deceived him, as to the permanence of this impression during his early youth, at least the beautiful lines written when he was 33 years of age would suggest that his idea of a somewhat different and less austere life had been a good deal more than an occasional dream:

When life first opened, how our journey lay
Between its earliest and its closing day,
Or view ourselves as one time we shall be
Who strive for the high prize, such sight would break
The youthful spirit, though told for Jesus' sake.
But Thou, dear Lord!
Whilst I traced out bright scenes which were to come
Isaac's pure blessings, and a verdant home,
Didst spare me, and withheld thy fearful word
Willing me year by year, 'til I am found
A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound."

"Did we but see

When Dr. Newman first went to Oxford his views inclined strongly to the Evangelical school, and he did not relinquish his horror of the Catholic church until 1840.

The story of his journey with Hurrell Froude, though only given in a few words, in Dr. Newman's history of his religious opinions, is one of the most interesting passages in his life, and it is one in which I hope to show his verses especially illustrate.

Throughout he was impressed with a sense that he had some very important work to do for the Church of England.

MARIE GIBERNE

was an ardent admirer of Dr. Newman's in his young days. In all the goodly array there was not met a more "ornamental figure" than "Maria Rosina Giberne"-tall, majestic, well-formed mouth, aquiline nose, dark penetrating eyes, and a luxuriance of glossy black hair. She could command attention anywhere. She was of old French Protestant stock. She was very early the warmest and most appreciative of Dr. Newman's admirers in his Scott and Newton days-before even his Oriel days. She was a most excellent talker.

She moved many to admiration. One who vainly or silently loved her died in India and left her all his possessions, a competence. Whether she was the cause of the two breaks, which Dr. Newman confesses he had, in the continuity of his ideas, "that he was destined to lead a single life, I do not know," says Father Stuart of the Oratory. Him she followed into the Catholic church in 1845. She then went and lived in Rome, and for twenty years copied religious pictures. She sketched as well as copied. She excelled in portraits. She did them in chalk—a short sitting, and from memory. She would draw a portrait which was at least perfectly and undeniably true. Besides many portraits of Dr. Newman himself, at various periods, she did a most interesting group of the Newman family in 1829. Twenty years she copied and adapted pictures for English chapels. She gave her own labor, but had to ask something for the canvas and painting materials. Her figure was a familiar one going from her apartments-between the Quirinal and the Forum Fragan-every morning to her work. She was in her stately studio near the Reppeta at ten every morning and worked till four, coming from the steps of the Trine la de Monte and the Quirinal, all of it high ground and very quiet. She moved along like a divinity. A well-known physician, Dr. Garson, I think it was, remarked, "Do pray tell me," he said, "who that lady is, for I have seen her hundreds of times—and never could learn. She is the handsomest woman I ever saw in my life!" She was then about fifty.

To a lady Cardinal Newman gave his first sitting (Miss Giberne), and to a lady he gave his last. The last portrait, however, taken of him was at the instance of the Duke of Norfolk, painted by Sir John Millais. It was a novelty for the recluse of Birmingham to hear the words of the painter, "What a beautiful complexion you have. I declare it is the complexion of a child"—and ending, "God bless you, Mr. Cardinal."

Miss Giberne's unfailing health she attributes to her observance of the fasts. Her diet consisted chiefly of bread and fruit-mostly apples. She had never to complain of the heat.

A fortnight of the year she spent with the Borghese family (her rooms were given to her in the Plazzo-Borghese) at their villa in the country. She sketched Pio Nono. Antonella had sat to her. Miss Giberne ceased to recognize anything in art that was not Christian. She became a nun at the time of the French-German war. She was in a monasteri de la Visitation. She occasionally used her brush and pencil when she was eighty years old. Her talks and letters are said to be as bright as air. She sent what for her was a large sum towards building a church in England, and as they say in Ireland, "May it meet her in heaven."

Of the two influences which put together moulded the character of Cardinal Newman he encountered at Oriel in 1823—one he brought with him from home—implanted by the Calvinism of his mother, a Froudienier of a French Huguenot family—the other was of old Oriel school, Copleston, Whately, Arnold, Blanco White, and others—not that he was acted upon by any one of these individually, but by the atmosphere in which they lived and which they created.

The greatest act which came of the Oriel school was the Tractarian movement, of which Newman, Pusey and Keble were the instruments.

Dr. Newman's mother constantly put into her children's hands Watts, Baxter, Romain, Newton, any writer who seemed to believe and feel what he wrote about. Thin, pale, with large lustrous eyes ever piercing through the veil of men and things, he hardly seemed made for this world. But his influence had in it something of magic. One could not be a quarter of an hour in his company without feeling invited to take an onward step, and he was sure to find out in time whether that onward step was taken. He kept a careful account of his pupils, always keeping his eye on the metal rather than the dross. Wiseacres often commented on his misplaced labor. When tutor of his college he always tried to reach the heart and understanding of those with whom he had to do.

Becoming one of the tutors of his college gave him position, and, besides, he had written one or two essays, and they had been well received. Next year, 1827, be became the examiner of the B. A. degree; in 1828 he became Vicar of St. Mary's, and to use his own words, "It was more to me like the feeling of spring weather, after winter, and if I

may so speak, I came out of my shell. I remained out of it until 1841." He gained upon his pupil and was particularly intimate with two of the Probation Fellows, Robert Isaac Wilberforce (afterwards Archdeacon) and Richard Hurrell Froude.

He took his degree in 1820 with silk cape and white fur. He was within a few months of his twentieth year. His early University life was spent in Trinity, six years. In 1823 he was elected Fellow at Oriel, and as he said, "rather proud of his college, then at home." An Oriel Fellowship was termed the "Blue Ribbon" of the University. Here it was that Keble, Whately, Arnold, Pusey, Wilberforce and others of equal gifts, "The aristocracy of talent," met in the tutor's room. Oriel, with its massive towers and beautiful tracery over the old archway, and the gray, aristocratic columns, is a fitting background to Dr. Newman's picture.

The old lion of "Aule Royale" did not open his mouth until 1826, when he became tutor of his college. The first intimate friendship which he formed was that which bound him to Hurrell Froude. When Newman had become tutor, Froude was elected Fellow at Oriel. "Charming in disposition, of the most refined mental gifts, bold as on horseback, with a singular power of self restraint," is what Dr. Newman said of him.

Hurrell Froude and Dr. Newman were very much alike in many things, yet sufficiently different to retain that admiration for each other which knits the firmest friendship. But the friend who alone would have stood by him, probably of all others—when darker days were to come—died February 28, 1836, of consumption—Hurrell Froude. Dr. Newman's sudden outbreak when, on hearing of the death of Hurrell Froude, he threw aside the conventional stiff-

ness of the eighteenth century which ruled all of his poems and exclaimed:

"Dearest, he longs to speak to me and I do know,

And yet we both refrain.

I was not good, a little doubt restored,

And all will soon be plain."

In his grief for his most intimate friend he spoke of him in that best term of the modern Anglican—Dr. Church, Dean of St. Paul's "Carrissimo"—Dearest.

At the death of his mother, whom he most tenderly

loved, he said,

"One moment here, then next she trod The viewless mansions of her God."

When Cardinal Newman arrived at his mother's home, after his eventful tour of the south of Europe in 1833, his brother, Francis W. Newman, had returned from Persia before the year was at an end. They were estranged and his brother Frank put his conduct upon a syllogism.

"St. Paul bids us to avoid those who cause dissension." It did not last long, however.

Prof. Francis Newman visited his brother in the last years of the Cardinal's life, coming from Western Super Mari—to be with him during his holiday retreat at Rednal, now his resting place.

There was another brother, Charles Robert Newman, not without his share of natural gifts. He left home and desired not to be remembered by the family. Notwithstanding all this, Cardinal Newman and his brother Frank always took an interest in him. "Has not every home its trials!" says Charlotte Bronté—that strange way of comfort, that misfortunes are for many, not for one.

Dr. Newman was a great lover of nature. He was fond of the sounds of nature, the wind, the water, songs of birds.

One striking peculiarity of Dr. Newman's was his admiration of the earth and sky. He quickly observed the changes. He was as fond of flowers as a child would be. He could not see a flower without it reviving some memory. Oh! English forests he delighted in. The walk from Littlemore to Oxford, especially if taken every other day, might be considered monotonous, but it never palled on Dr. Newman. He became changed, if the earth did not: his eye quickly caught any sudden glory, every prismatic hue or silver lining rift, every patch of blue. He carried his scenery with him and that accounts for his not having a craving for change of residence, mountain lakes, that most educated people have. He never made a trip for pleasure, only for health's sake. He loved to take long walks and was often seen at Oxford walking and talking with some dear friend.

The common room at Oxford is what most ladies are interested about. It is a "male drawing room;" it is hand-somely furnished, and should exhibit the "Fellows" at their elegant ease or their dignified state.

There is perhaps no city in Europe so impressive and interesting as Oxford. It has been well called the city of Palaces. The beautiful city abounds with water and gardens. The clear blue, broad Isis flows through the English landscape. Endeared by a thousand associations, the magnificent public buildings, stately libraries, cathedral-like chapels, armorial gateways, smooth, verdant lawns, the time-worn towers, the echoing cloisters, embowered walks, producing an impression of beauty and wonder. One can well understand how Wordsworth recognized "a presence" which once proved the soberness of reason.

The beautiful church of St. Mary the Virgin is the Uni-

versity church. Stand before that beautiful porch; artists have loved it so much—and photographers have produced it so widely. It is an Italian porch. And in the forefront is an image of the Blessed Virgin and child. The tower and spires of the church are of imposing beauty. At the base of the spires are decorations of the pomegranate in honor of Queen Eleanor of Castile, mother of Edward II. We will now enter the famous edifice. It was built in the reign of Henry VII. At the western door is the grave of Amy Robsart, whose sad story has been rendered so familiar by Scott's "Kenilworth."

The beautiful pulpit has been occupied by all the illustrious divines of the University—from John Wesley to John Henry Newman.

Oriel, once "La Oriole"—Edward II., flying from the field of Bannockburn, vowed he would found a religious house in honor of the Blessed Virgin, if he returned in safety. He performed his vows. No college in Oxford boasts of a larger number of illustrious modern names than Oriel.

In speaking of the religious associations of Oxford it is impossible to omit the author of "Christian Year," John Keble. The following lines are from his pen, on leaving Christ College to accept a Fellowship at Oriel:

"How soft, how silent has the stream of time Borne me unheeding on, since first I dreamed Of poetry—and glory in thy shade, Scenes of my earliest harpings—

* * * * * * * *

Shall I not cling unto thee—shall I cast
No strained glance on my adopted home—departing?
Keble's verses flowed in soft cadence over the mind, de-

lightful as sweet sounds are delightful, but are forgotten as the vibration dies away. Dr. Newman's pierced into the heart and mind and remained there. The literary critic was puzzled, and they saw he was no ordinary man. What sort of an extraordinary man he was they could not tell.

As the city of Oxford is seated "in a flat, sedgy country" its hundred Gothic towers and spires cannot be seen very far off. But the near approach is extremely imposing and beautiful. There it lies before you—a monastic city of the middle ages—about four miles in circuit; it is interspersed with groves and gardens.

Magdalen bridge, with the towers and groves of that college and the rich botanical gardens, are seen near the foreground, over and beyond which, the eye catches partial views of the towers and spires of St. Mary's, All Saints' and Christ church. On passing the bridge and passing up High street, certainly one of the finest in Europe, the fronts of several colleges, churches and private buildings are gradually and successively unfolded to the sight.

At almost every step one is presented with new objects and fine combinations, and at one point the whole coup d'oeil is singularly impressive and picturesque. At a broad part of the street Queen's College on the right hand and University College on the left form the foreground—the front of All Souls', the steeples and rich windows of St. Mary's church, All Saints' and St. Martin's constitute the prominent features in the distance, and altogether present a street scene of unrivalled beauty, variety and effect. But this gives you but a faint conception of the grand and the antique which fill your eye and your soul as you cross the bridge and advance and pause. The avenues are deeply shaded by the elms of by-gone ages, and as one traverses

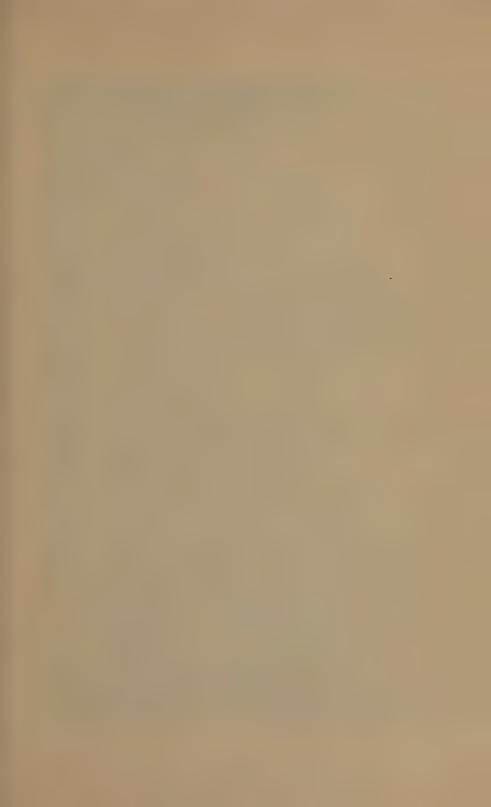
these long avenues and yields up the spirit to historical recollections one seems to be in the very groves of Academus! One of these avenues still bears the name of "Addison Walk." The dusk of the evening finely harmonizes with the dim antiquity of the domes and spires and towers that glimmer through the deep and solemn foliage.

Wood pronounces Oxford the very source and most clear spring of good literature and wisdom. You feel as you pass from street to street that the University is all around you. Christ College is the largest and in some respects the most splendid of all the colleges in Oxford. It was originally founded by Cardinal Wolsey on the site of the celebrated Prior of St. Fredeswide. This noble edifice viewed from the street ranges along an extent of 400 feet. The great bell, TOM, which weighs 17,000 pounds, tolls 101 times every night at ten minutes past nine, which is the signal for shutting the gates of most of the colleges.

This bell formerly belonged to Osney Abbey and its original inscription was, "In Thomae laudi resorio Bim Bom sine fradele." It has since been recast and this inscription put on it, "Magnus Thomas Cluisus Oxoniensis renatus, April 8, 1680."

The hall built by Cardinal Wolsey is said to surpass in magnificence any refectory in the kingdom. It is 115 feet in length, 40 in breadth, and 50 in height. Belonging to this college are those beautiful grounds called "Christ Church Meadow," and the wide walk. Next to these grounds the walks of the Magdalen College are the most extensive and beautiful, and just behind the inner quadrangle is a park nearly half a mile in circuit, abounding with deer and deeply shaded with majestic elms.

The admission to Oxford is not difficult and the degree





B. A. is about as easily obtained as in the universities of America, but it requires hard study to obtain a "scholar-ship," and still harder to secure a first-class honor.

The term "University" embraces all the academical halls of Oxford. They are all under the same government, but specifically it means an association of professors, who are not required to act as tutors and who simply deliver lectures. Many of them become famous as magazine writers and authors. Oxford is well worthy of the fame that has been accorded to it for so many centuries, and England may be justly proud of such a grand old institution of learning that will produce a Newman, Pusey and other shining lights in the history of England.

A visit to the various colleges is very interesting to the tourist. One's attention is apt to rest on something connected with the biography of some one of the many distinguished persons who have been students or teachers there.

Magdalen College, founded by Bishop of Winchester, has a graceful tower, on the summit of which a Latin hymn

is sung by choristers at the dawn of May Day.

The library of Magdalen is very fine. The shelves groan under the weight of the Benedictine folios of the Ediliox of the Fathers, and the collection of the Middle Ages which have issued from the single Library of St. Germain des Pres at Paris.

Oxford is the seat of England's ancient and renowned University. It has a population of less than forty thousand, composed chiefly of people connected more or less with the University. It is situated on a gentle swell of a somewhat rolling but generally level country near the conjunction of the Cherwell and upper Thames—the Isis. Owing to the beauty of its numerous college buildings it presents an imposing and picturesque appearance from a distance.

Its chief beauty lies in the admirable architecture of the twenty colleges, academical halls, which constitute the University of Oxford.

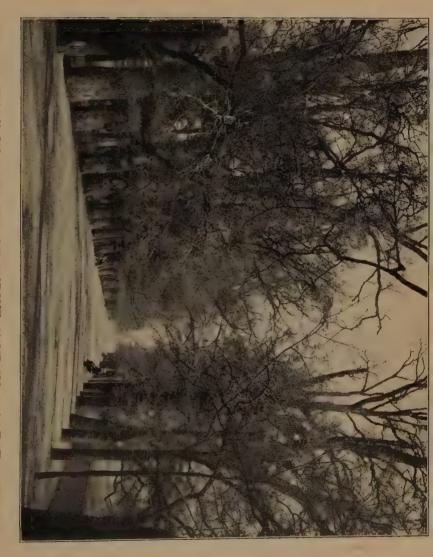
Christ church is seven hundred and thirty-two years old, and the buildings are in a fine state of preservation. Their style of architecture ranges from the Norman, Gothic and Tudor to that of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The great seat of learning is not known to have taken the name of University until so designated in a statute of King John in 1201, yet as it then had over three thousand students its origin must have date long anterior to that period.

The most remarkable of the colleges in art and grandeur is Christ church, of which Dr. Pusey was rector. Its chapel is the Cathedral church of the Diocese of Oxford. If we take into consideration its lordly situation and surrounding grounds, Magdalen College must be considered the gem of all the University buildings. Its park contains an enchanting avenue known as "Addison's Walk," the usual promenade of the celebrated essayist while a student at Oxford. It is bordered with gigantic old trees, which cast their welcome shadows upon those who desire a quiet and a refreshing walk on a warm summer's afternoon.

Most of the colleges have pleasant grounds connected with them, ornamented with huge yew, cedar, poplar, oak and elm, and flowering shrubs, and possessing ample playgrounds for the students and tutors. One of the pleasantest views of Oxford is across Merton Meadows, behind Merton College, towards the beautiful tower of Magdalen. It embraces a wide expanse of green meadows covered here and there with noble old trees.

Although the students may miss opera and other attractive amusements, and to a great extent society of ladies, yet



BROAD WALK IN GARDENS OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE-OXFORD.



walks through these noble parks, where they can commune with nature, must have a tendency to make them contented and happy for three or four years of their life at Oxford.

The following is a beautiful tribute to Oxford from the gifted pen of Matthew Arnold:

"Beautiful city! So venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fine intellectual life, and yet steeped in sentiment, as she spreads her garments to the moonlight. The heart of the beautiful old town will remain unchanged, the place is full of undying charm."

Trinity College was dear to Dr. Newman's heart. It is not perhaps generally known that Oxford was the home of Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland," and Mrs. Yonge, author of the "Heir of Radcliffe."

Oxford surpasses all one could expect in the enormous number of relics of Catholic times, which are now being restored when they become decayed. They throw a new light upon the Apologia. Dr. Newman's love for "his dear old college," as he called it—Trinity—and his yearning after Oxford testifies to the affectionate loveliness of his character. To understand fully and appreciate Dr. Newman we should have seen him as those saw him in his early Oxford days.

Trinity is a magnificent old pile of buildings, among which remains Durham College chapel of Grecian architecture, designed by Sir Christopher Wren.

The famous Lime tree walk, with its eternal shades, still remains the same. In the University church at Oxford Mr. Gladstone heard Dr. Newman. Having once seen and heard him he never willingly failed to be there. At that time Dr. Newman was twenty-eight years of age. Mr. Gladstone, the younger of the two, was led captive by the

firm voice and the penetrating words at even-song. No matter what may have perturbed the mind of Mr. Gladstone, no matter how bitterly he wrote of others, he said of Dr. Newman—then Cardinal—honored as he was, he illustrated the lines:

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

Dr. Newman returned the compliment, speaking of Mr. Gladstone—"so religious a mind."

Mr. Gladstone said of Dr. Newman:

"That voice, the 'solemn sweetness,' pierced all hearts at St. Mary's; was heard there no more except in sad memory and sadder anticipations. Men remembered that pathos, so much more powerful than any vehemence could have been; that insight which made his gentleness so formidable a thing."

Littlemore was less than three miles from Oxford. Dr. Newman had retired to a hermitage. Stiller than Oxford, as it has been described, "Serener than the summit of Olympus." So tranquil were the elements—

"That letters traced by the fingers of the Priest Writ in the ashes of the sacrifice Remained throughout the season uneffaced."

In speaking of Oxford there are those who, having felt the influence of this ancient school and being attracted by its elegance and sweetness, ask wistfully, if never again it is to be Catholic?

All honor and merit to the charitable and zealous hearts who so inquire. Nor can we dare to tell what in time to come may be the unscrutable purposes of that grace which ever more comprehensive than human hope or aspirations.

Cardinal Newman said: "From the first day that I left the walls of my college I never for good or bad have had anticipations of its future, and never for a moment have had a wish to see it again, a place which I have never ceased to love and where I lived for thirty years!"

VICAR AT ST. MARY'S, OXFORD.

In 1828 Dr. Newman became Vicar of St. Mary's, though the nave is used as the University church. St. Mary's is really the church of a very small parish, the area of which is covered by Oriel and St. Mary's hall, together with a few houses on High street and Oriel Lane. To it is attached the small hamlet of Littlemore, three miles from Oxford, a spot made famous after Dr. Newman left the English church. It is a place of pilgrimage for enthusiastic young Oxford men who love his memory.

Dr. Newman's people worshipped him. A sort of mystic halo gradually wrapped round him. His face was singularly like Julius Caesar's. It is hard to say if the young zealots of that day loved St. Mary's more for the porch that Laud had built, or the pulpit where Dr. Newman had preached. "My veneration," says C. Kegan Paul, "has never flagged."

The hermitage at Littlemore was changed to a little monastery by the addition of some small rooms, which sheltered a few young men, who, like those who accompanied Plato in the garden of Academe, walked with him that they might learn from him.

One of these youths was afterwards well known as Father Ambrose St. John, but for his premature death would have

been Cardinal Newman's biographer.

Dr. Newman purchased the house at Littlemore himself. It is in one of these cottage rooms that the reconciliation to

the Catholic church took place between eight and nine o'clock in the evening of October 9—the Feast of St. Deny.

Dr. Newman once told of his being an object of imitation. One term at Oxford he was suffering very much with his foot, and he was obliged to wear his shoe down at the heel. All the undergraduates at Oxford wore their shoe corresponding to Dr. Newman's, down at the heel. It became the fashion during his affliction.

Matthew Arnold says: "Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisle of St. Mary's, rising in the pulpit, breaking the silence in eloquent words."

Dr. Newman's friendships have been singularly strong and firm. The affectionate epithet, "carrisime," is applied to more than one in his published letters, and the love that has been given has been returned in full measure, as has been compatible with other calls on his heart, as he said of St. Paul, "who had a thousand friends, and loved each in his own soul and seemed to live a thousand lives."

Dr. Newman was a great, brilliant, genial man, as only appears once in two or three hundred years. He was not only an object of admiration but imitation.

He had no ambition to make a career or rise to rank and power. His accent was purely English and his manners were very English, and he remarked once "that he did not cease to be an Englishman when he became a Catholic." He always spoke so beautifully of his friends:

"Blessings of friends which to my door unhoped, unasked have come."

He took an interest in everything, science, literature and politics. Nothing was too large or too trivial. His natural temperament was bright and light. His senses, even the

commonest, were exceptionally delicate. He would admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere was from his own. He was lightness itself. He could not be prosy. He was interesting because he never talked for talking sake.

Possessing great force of character, he became a great power in the world. He possessed the most attaching gentleness and sweetness formed of nature to command.

His voice possessed a singularly persuasive sweetness, a solemn sweetness, and music in its tone. He sounded every vowel and consonant. No one who ever heard his sermons can forget them. A sermon from him was like a poem, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome, ever welcome, for its sincerity, interesting for its originality.

"To those who wished to be religious," as it was expressed in his Anglican days.

"It was the spring of a fountain out of the rocks."

The faintest vibration of his voice was audible in the farthest corner of the church. He never spoke loud, but low, distinct and clear.

Upon one occasion he preached upon the subject of "Ruth and Naomi." The Book of Ruth has often been discoursed upon, but never before was the contrast between Ruth and Orpah put so vividly. "Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her." Orpah went back to the world. There was sorrow in parting, but Naomi's sorrow was more for Orpah's sake than her own. It was the pain of a wounded spirit. It was not the yearning regret of love. It is the pain we feel when friends disappoint us, and fall in our esteem. That kiss of Orpah was no loving token; it was the hollow profession of those who use

smooth words that they may part company with us with the least trouble and discomfort to themselves."

His delivery of scripture was a sermon. You forgot the human preacher. By force of his great gifts of scholarship, his commanding intellect and his singular courage, he rose naturally into his place as the intellectual leader of his party. No position would have been too lofty for his reasonable aspirations had he been one of those who hungered after the fleshpots of Egypt, if he had remained as an Anglican.

He believed in all the legends clustering round St. Ambrose. He believed in the change of water into oil by St. Narcissus of Jerusalem, to supply the lamps on the vigil of Easter. He had a strong belief in the supernatural and the magical, before he became a Catholic.

All converts can readily imagine what a pang it must have been to Cardinal Newman to cut himself adrift from associations and friendships so close and tender as those which were identified with the Protestant friends of his life.

He eventually gave it forth that the Anglican church was no longer a home or resting place to him—the admission must have been in many ways a great shock; very intimate friendships were severed—very tender memories even torn up by the roots. Oh! the piercing anguish which a step of this kind causes—the writer of this little work knows full well, being also a convert—when family prejudices are at work. He was moved by a high, conscientious conviction, cut himself adrift from the ties of the dearest and most intimate kind, and wounded the friends he most fondly loved.

Whatever a man's religious or political opinions, and the majority of readers have different views to those of my subject (say E. Kegan Paul), that must be a dull imagination

which is untouched by the ecclesiastical and stored splendor of the Office of Cardinal. The old days and times were too sacred in the memory of Cardinal Newman's friends.

The parting of friends in the case of which I speak has left a wound fresh as though it was yesterday. Those who knew best Dr. Newman's life and mind are more especially qualified to speak of the Oxford past, the master and the father, with whom they were in daily companionship.

Dr. Pusey was the name which stamped the Oxford movement—but in spite of his long retirement at Littlemore, Newman was the one pleasant memory to the University.

"I well remember," says C. Kegan Paul, "a home where a veiled crucifix seemed to its possessor a special sanctity because it had been his, and many of his friends, who attended his former church at Littlemore, prayed all the more fervently because he had prayed there before them."

CHAPTER II.

TRIP TO SOUTH OF EUROPE-ROME.

Dr. Newman, in company with Hurrell Froude, went to south of Europe and spent some time in Rome—they were going for the benefit of Hurrell Froude's health, who was suffering from consumption. Dr. Newman was easily persuaded to join them, being himself quite unwell and fatigued from literary work from the labors involved in the composition of "My History of the Arians." They set out December, 1830. It was on this trip that he wrote his verses at Falmouth, "My Guardian Angel," which began,

"Are these the traces of some unearthly Friend."

Hurrell Froude was a pupil of Keble's. "I knew him first," says Dr. Newman, "in 1829, and was in the closest and most intimate friendship with him until his death in 1836. He was a man of the highest gifts, dying premature as he did, and in the conflict and transitory state of opinions his religious views never reached their ultimate conclusions by the very reason of their multitude and their depth." He had a most classic taste and a genius for philosophy and art. "He taught me," says Dr. Newman, "to look with admiration towards the Church of Rome. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin and he lead me gradually to believe in the real presence."

While in Rome Dr. Newman received no religious impressions, he says. "We kept out of the way of Catholics. We attended only Tenebra at the Sistine Chapel, for the sake of the Miserere, that was all. We went to hear the famous music of the Papal choir," which, as a born musician, he would fully appreciate. "My genuine feeling," says Dr. Newman, "was 'All save the spirit of man is divine.'

"I went to various parts of the coast of the Mediterranean, parted with my friends, went to Sicily without companion."

Mr. Froude and he called on Monsignore Wiseman at the English College. "I saw nothing but what was external of the hidden life of Catholics. I knew nothing, and was little more drawn back into myself—and felt my isolation."

England was in his thoughts solely, his love for his own country was intense. The bill for the Irish sees was in progress and filled his mind.

"The motto prefixed to Lyra Apostolica, began at Rome, shows the feelings of both Froude and myself." He said to himself, "Look on this picture, then on that." "I felt affection for my own church, but not tenderness."

"As to leaving her the thought never crossed my imagination." Still he kept before him something greater than the Established Church, and that was the Church Catholic and Apostolic.

After parting with Hurrell Froude he felt his isolation greatly. Sorrow elevates great souls. True it is that some writers have considered it as one of the most powerful elements in the production of good literature.

A well-known American writer and devoted admirer of

Cardinal Newman's books, being asked for her experience as to the true method of acquiring good style in writing, says:

"I have sorrowed much. God put in my heart, in my cup of life, sweet and bitter. My own firm conviction is that no education can make a writer, the heart must be hot behind the pen. I have written the last lines of most of my stories with tears."*

Perhaps a few impressions of Rome will not be amiss here. A friend once said they could never understand the flippancy upon the subject of paintings in Rome of some American tourists, who have spent only two or three days in that city. It would simply be impossible, in that brief period, for them to walk the length of a gallery containing all these pictures, if they were stretched out in a line along one of its walls—occupying as they would one hundred and fifty miles.

If a traveler has only a few days to remain in Rome he should visit only St. Peter's. The Vatican contains nearly all the chefs d'oeuvre of the old masters in sculpture and painting, especially so far as their works relate to Christianity. Had it not been for the encouragement given by the Popes of Rome to the fine arts, from the medieval period to the present time, it is very doubtful whether the world today would contain a dozen persons who could appreciate even so fine a painting as Raphael's "Transfiguration." The world at large—and our own people of America, particularly—ought not to think that the Popes have formed this choicest museum of art on earth for the purpose of gain. No! for it is free to everybody who will behave

^{*}Amelia Barr. "The Art of Authorship."

themselves while examining the rare treasures contained therein.

Adjoining the Vatican is St. Peter's, the most beautiful and stupendous church edifice in Christendom. The dome of this matchless Cathedral is the first sight of Rome one has on approaching the city. The interior of St. Peter's is so sublimely beautiful that one never tires of gazing upon it. There is light, harmony, beauty everywhere. Some idea may be formed of the height of the dome on the inside by knowing that the pen held in the hand of the prophet in one of its lowest compartments, though appearing of an ordinary size, is in reality six feet in length.

An idea of the immense size of the Vatican may be formed when we consider that it comprises twenty courts, eleven thousand salons, chapels, halls and private apartments. Many of them are used as museums of art, where the traveler may see the choicest collection of the productions of the old masters.

Michael Angelo is represented in the Vatican chiefly by his wonderful fresco painting on the ceiling and also on the altar wall of the Sistine Chapel. The former is considered his most perfect work, but is not as a whole, probably on account of its vastness and complexity, so often copied as the latter, or that known as "The Last Judgment." The subject of the ceiling pictures are chiefly taken from scenes of the Old Testament. Those from Genesis are sublimely beautiful.

There are so many scenes and objects of interest to awaken the imagination, to tax the memory, and to touch the heart, Rome may be called "the wilderness of art" and of the productions of genius. As high as one's expectations may be, St. Peter's altogether surpasses—by its gran-

deur, its beauty, its richness, its mosaics, its statues, its pictures, its chapels, its columns, its mighty dome. It is truly one of the wonders of the world and seems a miracle of art. Many persons who go to these places, and many who have not been out of the smoke of their own chimney, will tell



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME.

you with great self complacency, "Well, this is the handsomest place I ever saw in my life." In order to determine the value of such eulogium, we need then to know where they have lived and what they have seen.

VESPERS AT ST. PETER'S.

(The following is the impression of a Protestant friend visiting Rome.)

The singing is by male voices, the music peculiar, seldom heard out of Rome, weaving of solemn airs into a complicated tissue of harmony.

In the short days of winter the shades of evening began to settle over St. Peter's before the close of the service. The distant aisles were shrouded by the gray veil of twilight, a silence deep, overpowering, came down upon the scene the moment the voices had ceased. The power of such moments and influence can be felt—not described.

This impressive and overflowing moment will never be forgotten, when the tinkling of the bell announces the elevation of the Host. A silence, that of death, falls upon the church, as if some celestial vision had passed before their living eyes and hushed every pulse of human feeling.

After the pause of a few moments, during which everyone could have heard the beating of his own heart, a band of wind instruments near the entrance floated over the nave and overflowed the whole interior. The effect was beyond everything ever heard or expected to be heard again. They seemed stirred with the trembling of angelic wings, or as if the Gates of Heaven had been opened and a "wandering breath" from the songs of seraphs had been to the earth. A few sounds which under ordinary circumstances would have been merely a passing luxury to the ear, heard at this moment, and beneath the dome of St. Peter's, was like a purifying wave which for the instant swept over the soul.

As the sky is more than the stars, and the wooded valley more than the trees, so is St. Peter's more than any amount of humanity. Whether devotional feeling of love, of art, or of study of history, be the ruling passion of the mind, he will find in the Catholic church a world of matter not to be exhausted. Pictures painted and statues carved by hands that trembled with devotional fervor present their boundless attractions to those who are bound to them by merely

secular taste, nor can a Protestant and a layman be insensible to the spirit that hangs over them.

They are open at all times, spreading out their benignant arms of invitation, and in the spirit of the Saviour bidding all who are weary and heavy laden to come to them and seek rest. That is the feeling of every convert.

The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is one of the simplest rites of the church. It is our Lord's solemn Benediction of His people as when He lifted up his hands over the children or blessed His chosen ones when he ascended up from Mount Olivet. As sons might come before a parent before going to bed at night, so once or twice a week the great Catholic family comes before the Eternal Father, after the bustle and toil of the day, and He smiles upon them and sheds upon them the light of His countenance.

A full accomplishment of what the Priest invoked upon the Israelites:

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord turn His countenance to thee, and have mercy on thee, and give thee peace."

Can there be a more touching rite even in the judgment of those who do not believe in it? How many a man, not a Catholic, is moved on seeing it, to say, "Oh, that I did but believe it." When he sees the priest take up the fount of mercy, and the people bend low in admiration, it is one of the most beautiful, natural and soothing actions of the church *

I cannot refrain from copying Father Ryan's beautiful lines (our Southern Poet and Priest, whom I personally knew):

^{*}Present Position of Catholics, p. 255.

"Swept the beautiful, 'O Salutaris!'
Down the aisle. Did the stonèd image stir?
Or was my heart only dreaming
When I turned from her statue or her?

The door of a white tabernacle
Felt the touch of the hand of a Priest.
Did it waken the Host from its slumber
To come forth and crown the High Feast?"

Aubrey de Vere first made his acquaintance with Cardinal Newman in 1838. Being young and impressionable, he was all the more able to appreciate at least a portion of what was most remarkable in him. "Oxford," he says, "apart from its illustrious inmate, would well repay me for my journey from Ireland, not then a short one. The sun was setting as I approached it, and its last light shone brightly from the towers, spires and domes of England's holy city. Such a city I have never seen before, and the more I saw of it the more deeply touched."

The monastic stillness is not confined to its colleges; much of the city besides, in spite of modern innovations, wore an aspect of antiquity; and the staid courtesy of those whom I met in the street contrasted delightfully with the bustle, roughness, and the surly self-assertion encountered in the thoroughfares of our industrial centers. I had often to ask my way, and the reply was generally a kindly offer to accompany me. It reminded me when I read the account of my own Southern home.

There seems to be a rest about Oxford, bequeathed to it by the strength of old traditions, which I have nowhere else

enjoyed so much, except at Rome.

"While their courts remained," I said to myself, "and nothing worse is heard than the chiming of their clocks and bells, the best of all that England boasts will remain also."

"Nothing come to thee, new or strange," is written upon every stone in those old towers, which seem to have drunk up the sunsets of so many centuries, and to be quietly breathing them back into modern England's most troubled air.

How well those caps and gowns harmonize with them! Certainly Oxford and Cambridge, with all the clustered colleges, are England's two anchors let down into the past.

"The ancient spirit is not dead.
Old times, I said, are breathing here."

In Oxford there abode a man, a lover of old times—and yet one who in fighting his way back to them had in the first instance to create an order of things relatively new—John Henry Newman. Early in the evening a singularly graceful figure in cap and gown glided into the room.

The slight form and gracious address might have belonged to a youthful ascetic of the middle ages or a graceful and high born lady of our own day. He was pale and thin, swift of pace, with a voice sweet and pathetic both, but so distinct that you could count each vowel and consonant in every word. I did not see him again till after the lapse of three years. He had read much, thought much, and written much in the interval. His fame had grown, so had the devotion of his friends, the animosity of his enemiesand the alarm of his friends. Their alarm had been increased by one of the recent tracts—the celebrated Tract 90. The wits were contented with averring that No. 90 only meant "No go." Several of the University authorities thought the tract was no laughing matter, and instituted proceedings against its author, Newman, in the conviction it was injurious to the "Thirty-nine articles," which Mr.

O'Connell had called "the forty stripes save one" inflicted by Elizabeth on the Church of England. In 1841 appeared this ominous tract. It was a challenge to the Anglican church authorities to declare for a definite doctrine. It was a bold step. Cardinal Wiseman returned to England and was throwing a counter light on the situation by his lectures on the Doctrine of the Catholic Church.

Not only the religious, but the political caught the excitement. Many were afraid, others were indignant to the highest pitch. Some of the Anglican bishops said the thirty-nine articles meant nothing, if they did not mean a wholesale protest against the teachings of the Council of Trent. Dr. Newman had shown they could not mean this, since they were composed before the Council of Trent.

Tract XC. was in such a demand a new edition had to be issued every day. Canon Oakley said: "If you happened to enter any Common Room in Oxford, between the hours of six and nine in the evening, you would have heard some twenty voices eloquent on the subject of Tract XC. If you happened to pass two heads of tutors of college or heads of houses strolling down High street in the afternoon or returning from a walk over Magdalen bridge, you would have caught the words, 'Newman and Tract XC." Those who had shouted "Credo in Newmanum" before, became flippant—and the vulgar said, "He has lost his mind." Of course, that is the usual verdict when one does not agree with any one who differs from them-or cannot grasp the idea. He was dogged and watched and hooted and insulted in the streets of Oxford! "Why," they asked, "did he go up to Littlemore?" "For no good purpose certainly." They dared him to tell. "Why, to be sure," he said. "It was hard I should be obliged to say to editors of newspapers that I was up there to say my prayers." I asked in the words of a great motto, Ubi lapsus? Quid feci? There were those who believed in him, but they wanted to have an understanding, and he hated understandings.

There is in the library at Birmingham Oratory an unfinished work of Hurrell Froude's continued (where broken off) in Dr. Newman's own handwriting,

"O'er moor and fen, o'er craig and torrent."

If there was sadness in the heart, there was also firm resolve. If there was work to be done, both friends felt the courage to face it. By apparent chance they had selected for their motto to "Lyra Apostolica" the words of Achilles, "You shall know the difference when I am back," a strongly warlike introduction to the gentle music for the Lyre.

Dr. Newman hastened on home, but was laid up with fever for several days. When well he did not stop night and day until he reached his mother's house, where his brother had just arrived from Persia. On the following Sunday Mr. Keble preached his famous sermon, "Apostacy," in the University pulpit. It was the real beginning of the Tractarian movement. Dr. Newman was never the ostensible leader, although all, not including Keble and Pusey, followed him, by reason of his great gifts of scholarship, his commanding intellect and his signal courage, and compared with him were but ciphers and he the indicating point.

Dr. Arnold saw at once where it would end and openly prophesied that the inevitable result would and must be "Popery." How, Dr. Newman cared not where it would end.

Storm clouds were gathering with every utterance that came from Dr. Newman's pen. He still believed implicitly in the apostolic origin of the Established Church, but there were gaps opening on every side that made him heart-sore.

He said, after he had found rest in the Catholic Church, "It was my portion for whole years to remain without any satisfactory basis for my religious profession." He was in a state of moral sickness, neither able to remain an Anglican nor able to get to Rome. Still he trusted God.

"Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant shore, one step enough for me."

The "Kindly Light" showed him the vision of Rome, the Jerusalem of the new covenant, exactly at a time midway in the span of his earthly pilgrimage, in the maturity of his powers, in the stability of manhood, with ties and associations of a lifetime formed and entwined around his heart, in an abundance that might well have been itself taken for a divine benediction; and with a faith as that of Abraham, Dr. Newman followed. We feel he never sinned against the light.

"Et lux perpetui luceat ei Domine."

Few men have more strongly influenced their age than the great thinker and writer, John Henry Newman. He was, in the religious history of his time, the most prominent figure, beyond all doubt.

Without any such intention on his part, the fact of the prominence has been brought into the strongest light by

his apologia. It could scarcely be otherwise.

He had, in that work, to speak chiefly and exclusively of himself.

He was the centre of a group, the members of which, with few exceptions, have attained and left behind them a name memorable for high sincerity of purpose. Among them was Blanco White, a Spanish priest, who sought in England a place of refuge.

Among them was another, also, whose influence was to outweigh altogether that of Blanco White-Keble, the humble-minded, retiring poet of "The Christian Year." Not one of them with whom Dr. Newman was surrounded will soon be forgotten.

The three brothers who added lustre to the honored name of Wilberforce, but who in life were to follow different paths-Hurrell Froude, Manning, Oakley, Faber, Ward—all these, with the rest, who may remain unnamed. When Dr. Newman was at school at Ealing he rose almost at a bound to the head and he was very soon followed by his no less remarkable brother, Frank Newman. From boyhood the brothers had taken the opposite side on every possible question.

On returning to England from Rome, 1843, full of thought against the liberals, he became as one impressed he had a mission. It was on this journey he wrote that beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." Respecting this hymn some controversy has arisen, as to the meaning of the last two lines-

"And with the morn those angels' faces smile, Which I have loved, and long since lost awhile."

Dr. Newman replied as follows:

"Poets are not bound to be critics or to give a sense to what they have written; at least I am not bound to remember my own meaning at the end of almost fifty years. There must be a state of limitation for writers of verse, and it would be quite a tyranny if we were obliged to be ready for examination for the transient state of mind which comes upon one when homesick, or seasick, or in any way sensitive or excited."

"Lead, Kindly Light," is the one hymn of our language—there are a few more devotional verses—and has been called "the most popular hymn of our language," and is loved by every shade of religion.

"Lead, Kindly Light." Christians of all communions and of any grade of culture feel the charm of those musical words and find in them a language for some of the deepest yearnings of the soul. As Catholics we say, How beautiful this prayer has been answered. It is the plaintive cry of a human spirit wandering, as he truly felt, far from home, longing for such guidance and peace.

"Lead, Kindly Light," is one of the most beautiful hymns in the English language, and will not perish until church work ceases. He was once asked to define authoritatively exactly what shade of devotional meaning was implied in "Lead, Kindly Light. In a letter of delicate irony he refused, and he was right, for beauty of verse like that of example, is for all creeds. He was a poet and some of his songs will hold a place as long as the world stands.

The following verses were dated Palermo, June 15, 1833, and are interesting not only as record of this soothing influence, but also affording in the judgment of many the first indication found in Dr. Newman's writings of what are called "Tendencies to Rome," which at that time he was wholly unconscious of:

"Oh that thy creed was sound, I cried;

For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,

By thy unwearied watch and varied round

Of service in thy Saviour's holy home. I cannot walk the city's sultry streets,

But the wide porch invites to still retreats
When passion's thirst is calmed and care's unthankful

gloom.

"There on a foreign shore

The homesick and solitary finds a friend.

Thoughts prisoned long, for lack of speech, outpour

Their tears, and doubts in resignation end.

I almost fainted from the long delay

That tangles me within this languid bay;

When comes a foe my wounds with oil and wine to heal."

In Feste Corp. Christ, May 26, 1864.

Those touching lines of "Lead, Kindly Light," constitute the author's surest title to a place in the ranks of that goodly company of hymn writers.

In every prayer, in this their lost leader, his fellow-churchmen, once his fellow-Christians, still may not dare to join, but this one no man can refuse. May it accomplish for them who repent, as for him who first framed it, when the darkness shall at length depart and the shadows fly away—

"Lead, Kindly Light," amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on."

The hymn has forced itself into every hymnbook and heart. Those who go and those who do not go to church, the fervent believer and the tired-out sceptic here meet on common ground—

"The night is dark and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on."

"Sead Kindly Light"

Lead, kindly light, amid the encurcing gloom. Lead Thou me on!

The higher is dark, and I am far from home -Lead Thou me on !

Kasp Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene, - one stop enough for me

I was not ever thus, not prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on!

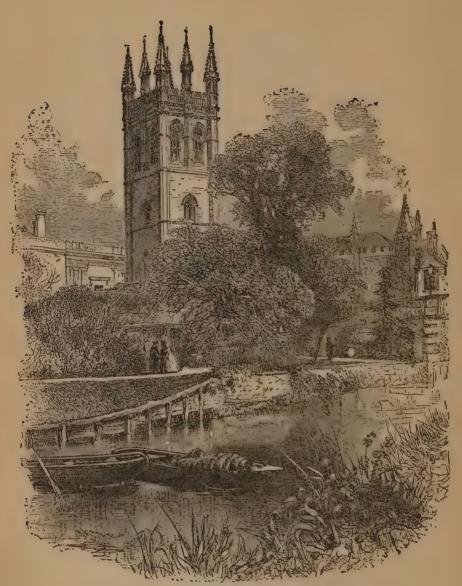
I loved the gerish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

To long Thy proon hith blest me, son it still Will land me on ,

Bir moor and fen, our crag and torrent till The wight is gow;

And with the mom those Angel faces smile Which I have loved long since , end lost awhile John H newman July 11. 1874



MAGDALEN COLLEGE—FROM THE BRIDGE.

The believer can often say no more—the unbeliever will

never willingly say less.

"The Separation of Friends," written about the same time, allowing us a glimpse into Dr. Newman's heart as it then throbbed. A few years after, when the foreboding came true (Hurrell Froude's death), he added twelve lines to the memory of his first and dearest of friends, as if he would appeal to him for light even in death—

"Ah, dearest! with a word he could dispel All questionings and raise
Our hearts in rapture, whispering 'all is well;'
And turning prayer to praise,
And often secrets he would disclose,
By patterns all divine—
His earthly creed retouching here and there,
And deepening every line.
Dearest, he longs to speak, and I do know,
And yet we both refrain—
It was not good, a little doubt below
And all will soon be plain."

We pass over the blows he received while he was gently working towards the light. How beautiful Keble has expressed Dr. Newman's position at this time—Keble, who did not follow him, though he still loved him—

"Forced from his shadowy paradise
His thoughts to Heaven, the shadows rise,
Then seek his answer, when the world reproves.
Contented in his darkening round,
If only he be faithful found
When from the East the radiant morning moves."

On the 18th of September, 1843, one of the young men, in his retreat at Littlemore, renounced Anglicanism and,

becoming a Catholic, Dr. Newman had no suspicion of this act, but as soon as he heard it he at once gave up his living.

In 1832 he wrote the beautiful poem, "Sign of the Cross."

"Whene'r I cross this sinful flesh of mine
And draw the holy sign,
All good thoughts stir within me and renew
Therein slumbering strength divine,
Till there springs up a courage high and true,
To suffer and to die."

The following lines he wrote on his return from Zante and Ithaca, in which he determined to cast aside his sensitiveness and gird himself for the coming fight:

"Time was I shrank from what was right, From fear of what was wrong. Because the foe was strong.

"But now I cast that finer sense, That saur sham aside. Such dread of sin was indolence, Such aim at Heaven was pride.

"So when my Saviour calls, I rise And calmly do my best, Leaving to him with silent eyes— Of hope and fear—the rest.

"I sleep, I mount where he has lead.

Men count my haltings o'er;
I know them! Yet through self I dread—
I love His precepts more."

That wonderful sermon, "Parting of Friends," "those who had never been disloyal to me by word or deed."

That roll call of the Oratorian Fathers, whose mere names are so arranged by the great master of style as to ring like music from the page. It was one of these who was still left to him when Father Ambrose St. John was taken from his side, that the dying Cardinal, even when unconscious at the last, called on as "William, William;" who had been to the lonely celebate as more than a begotten son.*

There are some who made their submission to the church since his death, and the "Amori Alequid" in their joy and thankfulness has been, they could not in this life tell him that he was the agent of their conversion.

The following poem, most simple in its tenderness:

"Oh Christ, that it were possible,
After long years to see
The souls we loved; that they might tell us
What and where they be."

And the answer to the above longing cry:

"I still am near,
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth.
Now too I hear,
Oh, whispered sounds, the toil complete
Low prayers and musings sweet."

What beauty is in the poem—like the shining moonlight in some woodland glade.

"He bides with us who dies—he is truly lost who lives." How those words rung in Keble's mind when he sat down alone in a spot—ever after sacred—to read the letter, which, as he said, "Told me Newman had left us."

^{*}William Payne Neirile.

Of the first and last meeting of these two friends there is a deeply interesting record from Dr. Newman's own pen. He described: "After a lapse of many years he entered Keble's door and sat in converse with him, and with another, whose name has been often associated with theirs. Keble playfully exclaimed at parting, 'When shall we three meet again?'"

It has a solemn sound now. It was the last meeting of those three in this world.

"The Christian Year," by Keble, made its appearance in 1827, and in a short time became one of the classics of the language. It was the most soothing work of the day, and, as Cardinal Newman says, "put him in mind of those heavenly airs which are played to the departing souls of good men. Keble did for the Church of England what only a poet could do—he made it poetical."

Keble has said that poetry is a method of relieving the over-burdened mind. It is a channel through which emotion finds expression. The Catholic Church is the poet of her children, full of music to soothe the sad and control the wayward. Her very being is poetry; every psalm, every petition, every collect, the cross, the mitre, the Thurible is a fulfillment of some dream of childhood or aspiration of youth.

The following poem was written ten years after Cardinal Newman had expressed the too utterly unfounded apprehension of the exercise of Catholic doctrine towards the Blessed Virgin. He sang her praise thus:

"But I know one work of His infinite hand Which special and singular ever must stand. So perfect, so pure, and of gifts, such a store, That even Omnipotence ne'er shall do more. "The freshness of May and the sweetness of June, And the fire of July, in its passionate noon; Munificent August, September serene, Are together no match for my glorious queen.

"O, Mary, all months and all days are thine own, In thee last their gloriousness when they are gone. And we give to thee May, not because it is best, But because it comes first, and is pledge of the rest."

The most imaginative poem of all Cardinal Newman's writings is unquestionably "The Dream of Gerontius." It has been described as the most vivid sketch of things beyond the veil that has been given to the world since Dante.

Tender, affectionate, subtle thought, vivid speech, mingling of beauty, horror; grotesque in his vision of the unseen world—all remind us of the great poem, in which the Florentine poet portrayed what lies beyond the veil, passages of thrilling grandeur, of a "supra mundane" situation, follow when the soul flies to the feet of the Emmanuel—with exquisite love and tenderness consigns the charge to the penal waters of the purgatorial state.

Whether one believes in the purgatorial state or not, whether the prayers of the dead can be of any avail or not, are questions which need not interfere with the apprecia-

tion of such beautiful lines as these-

"Angels to whom the willing task is given
Shall tend and nurse and lull thee on as thou liest,
And Masses on earth and prayers in heaven
Shall aid them at the throne of the Most Highest.

"Farewell, but not forever, brother dear;
Be brave and patient in thy bed of sorrow.
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow."

The "Dream of Gerontius" furnishes evidence of the fact that Cardinal Newman had been thoroughly imbued with the creed of Catholicism in a comparatively early period of his life. "The Dream of Gerontius" could only emanate from a mind inspired with that taste and love for the world to come.

It was written in great grief, after the death of a dear friend. When read by those who have lost those who are dear to them, lay it aside, to read it again, and yet again, ever find new ideas, arising of the invisible world—towards which mankind travels hour by hour and day by day, to join those gone before.

Until the publication of that remarkable poem never was the doctrine of purgatory presented in a form so fascinating.

The sweet simplicity of the drama is something to be forever remembered.

His poetry, however, in his beautiful thoughts are scattered through his prose rather than in form of verse. These have been the lighter flowers of his literature, and graceful as they are, are not those by which he is to be judged.

"He had a soul like them deposited—
A quenchless flame, as calm and strong as dawn.
Across the world thy potent fire is shed,
Born of the 'Kindly Light' that leads thee on."

Another beautiful hymn he wrote-"Guardian Angel:"

"Mine from the hour of my birth."

"Callista," another of Cardinal Newman's writings which I have read. I will say of the character of "Callista" herself: We have not space to enter at length, but would ad-

vise everyone to read it. "Callista," a young Greek maiden of great beauty and genius, under the protection of her brother. She is full of weariness and dissatisfaction, yearning for a higher life than has yet been presented to her, except glimpses, through a Christian slave, of saintly life. Angellius, who falls very short of her ideal, resolves at once to make her his wife, trusting to be able to effect her conversion.

He sets forth on his errand of courtship with natural misgivings, which are naively introduced by the author. It is undeniably a solemn moment under any circumstances, when anyone deliberately surrenders himself, soul and body, to another while life shall last.

Callista receives her lover's proposal with contempt. It has lowered Christians in her eyes to find them acting merely on human motives. Angellius is overwhelmed; he sees the effect of his words on her, when he said she was dear to him for her beauty and grace, alienating her sympathy from the only true religion.

There are some fine touches, which remind one of the author's own style.

At the time the plague of locusts, most graphically described, devastated the land, producing famine and pestilence, Callista, a soul in its gradual course from unbelief to faith and conversion. She figures the yearning of an intellect after substantial truth—a heart which craves for something better before it knows Heaven.

The delineation of the dawning of light upon a soul is interesting, not only for its intense thought, but as a refreshing reminder, a remembrance of the author's old style and manner.

The only persons in whom Callista found the religion

she demanded were a female slave, a country youth, and a buried priest. When Callista was in prison the heart of the priest yearned over the victim while he prepared her for the sacrifice of her life by confessing her, at the same time baptism, confirmation and the viaticum. On his departure she is sustained by a dream, or vision, where the Blessed Virgin appears and encourages her.

St. Cyprian presided over the solemn funeral scene of Callista. She is buried under the High Altar.

Cardinal Newman's works will be forgotten when Bacon and Shakespeare are forgotten—not before.

Some of those martyrs the Cardinal tells in "Callista" inspires the reader in some degree with great interest.

Flashes of his love for God burst out in his earliest years, with a rush of feeling that must have vent.

In his sermon on "Divine Calls," written before he became a Roman Catholic, he said, "Oh, that we could take that simple view of things, as to feel that one thing is to please God.

"What does the world offer comparable with that insight into spiritual things, that keen faith, that heavenly peace, that hope of glory, which those have who follow our Lord?"

To obey, honor and glorify God, and bring others the same road was Cardinal Newman's life work. It is as if he used St. Augustine's words and acted upon them: "For behold my Lord, my King, may it now be for thy service, what useful things childhood hath learnt; may it be for thy service, I speak, write, read, account."

What Cardinal Newman said of St. Chrysostom is applicable in a great measure to himself—"Great as was his gift of oratory it was not by the fertility of his imagination

or the splendor of his diction that he gave the surname 'Mouth of God.'" St. Chrysostom's character was graphically told by Cardinal Newman and it strikes one that he unconsciously reveals his own. "A bright, cheerful, gentle soul, sensitive head, temperament open to emotion and impulse—transformed by the touch of heaven." Such was St. Chrysostom, winning followers, inviting affection by his sweetness and frankness and neglect of self.

CHAPTER III.

DR. NEWMAN'S CONVERSION.

"In 1841 I took two very important steps. First, in February, I made a formal retraction of all the hard things which I said against the Church of Rome; second, in September, I resigned the living of St. Mary's, Littlemore included.

"One of my friends at Littlemore had been received into the church on Michaelmas day, at the Passionist House at Aston, near Storn, by Father Dominie, the Superior. In October the latter was passing through London to Belgium, and I was in some perplexity what steps to take for being received myself. I assented to the proposition that was made me, that the priest should take Littlemore in his way and do for me the same charitable act as he had done to my friend. Father Dominie was a simple, holy man and withal gifted with remarkable powers."

For awhile after Dr. Newman's reception into the church he thought to betake himself to some secular calling. But Dr. Wiseman, in whose vicariate Oxford lay, called him to Oscutt. He went there with others.

He left Oxford for good on Monday, February 23, 1846. On Saturday and Sunday he was alone, as he had been for the first day or two after he had taken possession of Littlemore. Dr. Manning, in company with Mr. Froude, called at Littlemore to persuade Dr. Newman from taking the steps towards his conversion. Dr. Newman refused to see him, as he was in retreat at Littlemore, so he had to return without seeing him. Mr. Froude, so anxious to reconcile matters, walked to Oxford, a distance of three miles, before he was aware that he had left his hat behind him.

"Various friends came to see the last of me. Dr. Pusey came to take leave of me. I called on Dr. Ogle, one of my oldest friends. He was my private tutor when I was an undergraduate. In him I took leave of my first college, 'Trinity,' which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundations so many who had been kind to me, both when I was a boy and all through my Oxford life—Trinity was never unkind to me.

"There used to be much snap dragon growling on the walls opposite my freshman's room, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own personal residence even unto death in my University.*

It was a memorable day when Dr. Newman was received into the church (October, 1845) by Father Dominie. He flung himself humbly at the Father's feet, saying "he would not rise until the Father had blessed him and received him into the Church of Jesus Christ." Father Dominie was sent for in great haste, and came through a pouring rain. Superstitious people might have said the ele-

^{*}Apologia, pp. 200-237.

ments were on the Anglican side, so copiously did the clouds weep, so piteously did the wind mourn the approaching departure of the great representative. The bells which swung visibly in the turret of the Gothic church at Littlemore gave that day the usual notice of morning and evening prayer, but it came to the ears in that buoyant tone which is usual to high winds and sounded like a knell rather than a summons.

The complete rites of the church as in the ritual was followed, with the formula of Pius IV., and baptized subcondition. The next day, Oct. 10, followed the celebrant "Feast of St. Francis Borgia." "We went to Mass," says Mr. Lockhart, "at Oxford, a walk of three miles, on Sundays and Thursdays, the only days on which the chapel was open in those times."

It is a curious coincidence that Cardinal Newman entered the church the same year and month, almost on the same day, which saw Ernest Renan issuing out of it.

These two brilliant men were as similar in intellectual endowments as they were dissimilar in their spiritual natures. Each was the greatest stylist of the century in his own language. The one was constructive and spiritual, the other iconoclastic and material. Each fought the battle of belief and unbelief, in his own bosom:

Renan rushed out of the church in the maturity of his fine powers; Dr. Newman, sundering all the ties of life and friendship, serenely followed his convictions into the church. Here the parallel becomes a contrast and we need not underrate the genius of Renan when we say that in that eventful October, 1845, the gain of the church was greater than the loss.

The English College at Rome for upwards of two hun-

dred years sent forth priests for the English mission and the roll of martyrs under Elizabeth and her successors was a large one. The spot is shown where St. Philip Neri, Cardinal Newman's patron, the original founder of the Oratory, stood daily as the English students wended their way to lectures at the University and greeted them with the salutation, "All hail, Flowers of the Martyrs" ("Salvite Flores Martyrum"). In 1833 Dr. Newman and Hurrell Froude visited Mgr. Wiseman. Hurrell Froude says "that Cardinal Wiseman enlightened Newman and himself on the subject of our relations to the Church of Rome. We were introduced to him to find out whether they would take us, on any terms to which we could twist our consciences. We found to our dismay that not a step could be gained without swallowing the Council of Trent as a whole."

The following is an account of the meeting at Oscutt between Mons. Wiseman and Dr. Newman, October 31st. The great Oxford leader, who had at last owned that Rome had conquered, had come, as it were, to surrender his sword to the man who had so strenuously urged surrender, his only course. Orders disowned, a preferment resigned, he came in poverty, simplicity, to ask for confirmation at the hands of the Bishop. His faith had brought him to Oscutt; but they could not untie his tongue, or rid him of his embarrassment, which belonged to the situation. In company with John Walker and Ambrose St. John, he was ushered into the Oscult guest-parlor. In a few moments Bishop Wiseman, Mr. Bernard Smith, and Father Spenser entered the room.

The embarrassment was mutual, and Cardinal Wiseman could scarcely find words more than formal inquiries about the journey. Any expressions of commonplace congratu-

lations would be, as all felt instinctively, an outrage to a situation to which the leading minds were so highly wrought, that silence seemed the only possible course.

Prominent figures sat in silence while the company talked. A message came that a boy was waiting to go to confession to the Bishop, gave Bishop Wiseman an excuse for retiring, which he accepted with significant alacrity. The confirmation was given on November 1st—All Saints'—and the silence was soon broken. The old college



MILAN, WHERE CARDINAL NEWMAN STUDIED ITALIAN.

at Oscult was given to Cardinal Newman and friends, and was for the time at least their Littlemore, afterwards called "Maryvale," a name given by Father Christy, S. J.

In June, 1846, Mgr. Wiseman directed that Dr. Newman should visit Rome and receive Holy Orders and ascertain the pleasure of the newly appointed Pope—Pius IX.—as to a future course of life. It was thought that he should be accompanied by Ambrose St. John only, and

the rest should remain at Maryvale. It was the opening of St. Giles at Cheadle, on the 1st of September, that the two travelers took leave of their companions. Dr. Newman was staying with Lord Shrewsbury at Alton Towers for the occasion.

At Langres they were most warmly welcomed by the illustrious Bishop, Mgr. Parisis. At Milan, where they staid a month studying Italian, made the acquaintance of Murzoni and others. They reached Rome shortly before the Possesso of Pius IX. at St. John Lattun. They took up their abode at the College of the Propaganda, which was at that time under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, who treated them with the utmost kindness and consideration, especially the Rector, Father Brescénné, S. J., whom Cardinal Newman always professed the highest regard.

Cardinal Newman secured a copy of an old English translation of the rules of St. Philip Neri.

The Child's Tolle loge tolla loge converted St. Augustine, and St. Augustine's "Secureies judical obistenium" converted Cardinal Newman. By those great words of the Ancient Father the theory of the Via Media was absolutely pulverized. October, 1846, Dr. Newman reached Rome. The next day he hastened to pray, at the Confession at St. Peter's. He attracted the attention of Pius IX., by his fervor. On his arrival at Rome he wished to enter the College of the Propaganda as a simple student. On his return to establish the Oratory at Birmingham Oratory, where he since achieved, in a large manner through the eminence of its founder, a world-wide distinction.

It was dedicated to St. Philip Neri, founder of the Congregation of the Oratory of Italy, whose pious works and

devoted life and bright and beautiful character soon won the admiration of Dr. Newman.

St. Philip Neri was born at Florence, Italy, in 1515. By his blameless conduct he early gained for himself the name of "Good Philip." He died in 1595, after receiving the Viaticum from the hands of Cardinal Frederick Borromer, and was canonized by Gregory XV. in 1622. Dr. Newman entertained for "the old man of sweet aspect" strong personal attachment, and his benign and exemplary influence was traceable throughout the Oratory at Birmingham. It was an attempt to represent the chapter of the 16th century, and to realize an ideal future of corporate saintliness. In one of Dr. Newman's poems he says of St. Philip Neri:

"Yet there is one I most affect
Than Jesuit, Hermit, Monk or Friar;
'Tis an old man of sweet aspect,
I love him more, I more admire.

"I know him by his head of snow,
His ready smile, his keenful eye;
His words which kindly as they flow,
Save he be wrapt in ecstasy."

When St. Philip Neri said Mass he was wrapt in ecstasy on the altar, and Cardinal Newman resembles him in that he also was wrapt in ecstasy when he said Mass. In writing of St. Philip Neri in his mission he makes a beautiful reference, in which he and his colleagues were engaged—

"In the far North our lot is cast, Where faithful hearts are few. Still we are Philip's children dear, Peter's soldiers true, "Founder and sire! to mighty Rome Beneath St. Peter's shade. Early thy vows of royal love And ministry were paid."

Rogers says: "Of all the fairest cities of the earth none is so fair as Florence."

Florence is a paradise for tourists having a love and knowledge of sculpture and painting. Many wander through her miles of statues and paintings in a weary, listless manner, because it is fashionable to do so, than

from any pleasure derived.

There is not hardly a picture in the Uffezi and Uffizi Gallery that is not interesting. The wonderful antique cabinets attract most attention. In the Uffizi Gallery they are inlaid with precious stones and have beautiful Florentine mosaics, of flowers and landscapes. It has taken a lifetime to make some of them, and each is worth thousands of dollars. To be able to appreciate Florence properly in a visit of a few weeks, previous study of her history is absolutely necessary, for every street, every church, every castle, every gallery, every picture, every statue, every church bell, every bridge, every tower, every garden, yea, every house and shop has some story of the past connected with it. Although the "daughter of Rome," she has become the out-blossom of modern Italian civilization and is really the literary and artistic, though not the political, capital of Italy.

This constitutes her pride and glory. No other city of her size possesses such wealth in the treasures of art. The most beautiful features of this grand old Cathedral are its superbly painted windows, through which glows "the dim religious light" spoken of by Milton. Opposite the main

front of the Cathedral, in the Baptistry, are the three famous bronze doors which Michael Angelo declared worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

I am aware, however, that descriptions of works of art afford very dull reading to persons in general, but in referring to the birthplace of St. Philip Neri—Florence—it brought to mind my dear friend's (Miss Eliza Allen Starr's) interesting lectures, to which I have been a "faithful" attendant for several years. I could not refrain from alluding to a city so full of interest to her while she sojourned within its gates and affords her pleasant memories of the past while far away from its shores, and brings to my mind her lecture on Florence. In the Church of Santa Croce can be seen the monuments of Michael Angelo, Dante, Galileo and others of world-wide renown. Dante, however, is an exotic in Ravenna, having simply died there in exile from Florence, which gave him birth and nursed his blooming genius.

No wonder the device of Florence, a rose in a field of lilies. Florence, a gem of beauty in the lap of hills, covered to their summits with vines, olives and lovely villas. It is almost unrivalled in the beauty of its position and surroundings. Florence is a delightful place to visit in April, May and June, for the weather is pleasant and the surrounding country covered with a luxuriance of lovely shrubbery and flowers.

"The brightest star of star-bright Italy." The city has a lovely situation and a charming surrounding landscape, and is full of artistic and historic treasure. The Arno which divides the city is crossed by four splendid stone and two suspension bridges—"The Ponte de Santa Trinita," built in 1566-70, being the most celebrated. It is a popular

promenade in the evening. The most celebrated building in Florence is the Duomo, or Cathedral Church of San Marie del Froie. It surpasses all other churches except St. Peter's at Rome in architectural grandeur, and its dome even excels that of the latter, and is the largest in the world. The dome was erected by Brunelleschi in the fifteenth century and served as a model to Michael Angelo for the dome of St. Peter's.

After the storm which followed the sequel to Cardinal Wiseman's appeal, which was considered an attack upon the Established Church of England and the feelings and principles of his people, the outcry gave Cardinal Newman an opportunity which he turned to good account in his lectures delivered in the Corn Exchange, Birmingham, Eng., 1851, on "The Present Position of Catholics."

With characteristic perception of the situation, Dr. Newman completely transformed his style for the occasion. The falsehoods current could only be fitly dealt with by deserting the moderation of language habitual to him.

The lectures hardly drew upon his greatest mental qualities, but they are admittedly the best examples of his powers of irony, and rank high as specimens of his gift of rhetorical exposition.

An attempt of another kind was made to take revenge. Two years earlier an apostate priest, Dr. Achilli, had been lecturing in Ireland against Catholicism. He was a man of notorious immorality, and Cardinal Wiseman had exposed his character in the Dublin Review. For this purpose he had collected evidence of a career of extraordinary licentiousness. Newman, before delivering his lectures at Birmingham, asked Wiseman if he were in a position to prove his facts, and receiving an affirmative answer,

launched out into a scathing denunciation of Dr. Achilli. "Such," he said, "were the witnesses to whom the Protestant English public were trusting."

At first Achilli thought to sue Cardinal Wiseman, but encouraged by the state of public opinion, he sued Cardinal Newman for libel. Cardinal Newman's essay had been anonymous, and Cardinal Newman was therefore selected for attack.

Newman applied to Wiseman for the documents necessary to prove his case before the "rule" for the trial had been made absolute. Cardinal Wiseman could not find them. Father Gordon of the London Oratory, perceiving the gravity of the situation, went to the Cardinal to urge him to send the "pièces justification," and found Cardinal Wiseman in great distress of mind. "Father Newman is surprised not to have heard from you." "I dare not write to him," was the reply. "I have hunted in vain and cannot find the documents," and the Cardinal, unwieldy and huge, knelt down amid the heap of papers which he had been sorting and examining, and once more hunted for the missing ones, without success. The documents were found, but just too late. The rule had been made absolute and Father Newman was committed for trial.

The sequel is well known. Conviction with a fine followed. The fine imposed was purely nominal. As soon as the verdict was rendered Father Ambrose St. John walked into court and laid down the money for the fine imposed. Cardinal Wiseman did his best to repair the injury he had unwillingly done to the eminent oratorian. He set on foot a subscription to meet the heavy expenses of two trials—and gave Cardinal Newman his support in another matter.

Some of the matters in which Wiseman's policy was as-

sailed came before the first Provincial Synod, held in 1852 at St. Mary's College, Oscutt. Cardinal Newman, at the opening of the second session, preached his sermon on the "Second Spring."

As the Mass of the Holy Spirit was celebrated with the music and liturgy of the best Oscutt traditions to ask for light in the deliberations of the first synod of the new Hierarchy—the church largely filled with the children of the Oxford Movement, Manning, Oakley, Faber and others, the great Oxford leader himself speaking in his accents of unrivalled sweetness to the descendants of the English martyrs—all Wiseman's dreams appeared to be fulfilled. The Cardinal's tears fell fast, so Bishop Ullathorne has told us, while Cardinal Newman sketched the picture of the glories of the ancient Catholic church of England, of its death, of the second life which was beginning.

The sermon was itself memorable. The preacher began by contrasting the material world as a whole, which ever lives on, while its parts die and are replaced with man and the works of man, which have their seasons of birth, maturity, decay and death. The world is like an image on the waters, which is ever the same though the waters ever flow.

The church, like God's universe, lives with an everlasting life. And he took leave of his hearers with these solemn words: "A second temple rises on the ruins of the old. Canterbury has gone its way, York has gone, and Denham is gone—and Winchester is gone. It was sore to part with them. We clung to the glories of past greatness, and would not believe it could come to nought, but other names as musical to our ears if the world lasts, other

saints shall rise out of them-and martyrs shall consecrate the soil to God." * * * Space will not allow me to quote at length the beautiful sermon. Cardinal Newman was overwhelmed by the display of the strong feelings he had evoked by his sermon, and was rescued by Henry Edward Manning—then a convert of but one year's standing-from the greetings of enthusiasm with which he was received after the mass was over.

Father Newman said of Dr. Achilles, ex-Dominican monk, who had been lecturing in Birmingham against the church: "It is indeed our great confusion that our Holy Mother could have had a priest like him." Every word of Father Newman's accusation was true, but, according to the singular English laws of libel, Dr. Newman was fined. The price was a cheap one to pay for finally having ousted such a rascal.

The relations between Newman and Wiseman remained always what they had been from the early days of Newman's Catholic life. The sensitiveness and shyness of both men prevented an intimacy in spite of real admiration on both sides. Newman fully appreciated the value of Cardinal Wiseman's great influence throughout Christendom. A marked characteristic of Cardinal Wiseman was his love for children. A daughter of his old friend, Count de Tone Diaz, now Madame Mary del Val, wife of the Spanish Ambassador at the Vatican—then Clara de Zulueta—has given to Mr. Ward reminiscences of her own childhood, when she and her brother and sisters were frequent visitors at the Cardinal's house and his companions in seaside excursions. He always on his return from Rome would bring the children presents suited to each one. On one occasion he had given some verses to one of the children

and noticed the disappointment of her younger sister at receiving nothing. Cardinal Wiseman did not forget. She was invited to Walthanstow and an envelope was given her in the Cardinal's own handwriting, intended perhaps to give gentle encouragement to the thought of joining a religious order, which his observant eyes had detected:

> "If at our Saviour's feet to rest Made Mary's choice the better part, Ours surely then must be the best To lean on Jesus' sacred heart."

His intercourse with the Zulueta children was the pleasure of his summer vacations. The plays written for them are still in the family. The performance was a great event in the eyes of the Cardinal. His genial face looked round to see that all were enjoying it fully. On one occasion he could not let the play begin until his housekeeper, who had been detained, had arrived. "She must not miss the fun," he said. When a birthday party was celebrated at York Place, preparations were made secretly, for they had to be hidden from Mgr. Searle, the economical keeper of the purse, who might spoil the sport.

"Buy water ices, ice cream and some wafers, but don't

tell Searle," were among the Cardinal's instructions.

Such details (albeit trivial) serve to show the man as he was. The love of children went with real enjoyment of children's books.

"I could not sleep last night, so I read Kingsley's 'Water Babies.'" he once said.

Little acts of considerate thoughtfulness were also characteristic in the case of others as well as children. He would bring home presents for his friends when abroad.

"What are you bringing home to your wife?" he asked of Count Diaz, as a matter of course, when they were together in Paris.

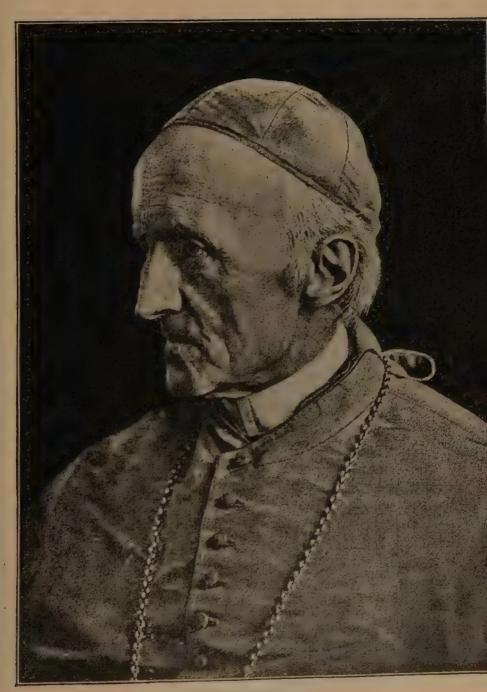
His servants worshipped him. He was ever kind and considerate to them. He loved to visit the poor. He once gave a great pleasure to a coast guard's wife, who was ill of some mortal disease. Her designation of the Cardinal, as she looked at him with profound admiration, as "Your Immense," which he ascribed to her sense of the applicability of the title to his portly figure, delighted him. He loved animals. He had two dogs. One very large dog, "Hekla," and his little dog, "Tiny," were his pets and companions. One evening "Tiny" was lost Cardinal Wiseman would neither eat nor speak until news came that he was found again.* This shows great minds can appreciate the smaller things of life.

Cardinal Newman's order found favor with Cardinal Wiseman. The subject was opened by him to Mgr. Brunnetti, the secretary of sacred congregation. That prelate was greatly pleased and took an early opportunity to bring it before Pius IX. His Holiness expressed his warmest approbation and charged Cardinal Newman to call to Rome such of his friends as he desired to associate themselves with him.

Cardinal Newman and Ambrose St. John were ordained priests by Cardinal Franzinni on Trinity Sunday, 1847. Cardinal Newman celebrated his first mass in a chapel of the College of the Propaganda on the "Fest Corp Christ."

"Visitation of Our Lady" was the day on which Cardinal Newman assumed the habit of St. Philip Neri. Car-

^{*}Ward's Life of Cardinal Wiseman.



CARDINAL MANNING.



dinal Newman had one of the grandest intellects of our age, a soul most lovable and tender. He was worthy to be ranked with an Origen St. Augustine or Anthausein.

The words of Cardinal Manning, "The voice of England, political and religious, in all its diversities, unite in love and veneration of a man who had broken through the sacred barrier and defined his religious prejudices. He had committed the unpardonable sin in England, he had rejected the Tudor settlement in religion, he had become a Catholic, as our fathers were. Whether Rome canonizes him or not, he will be canonized in the thoughts of pious people."

In the history of this great life no one who does not intend to be laughed at will henceforth say that the Catholic religion is fit only for weak intellects. The author of the "Grammar of Asset" may make them think twice before they so express themselves. We ought not to seek elsewhere for the truth which is in reserve for the church, since

the Apostles were fully committed with it.

John Henry Newman entered his name upon a list which contained some of the most illustrious men of England, George Calvert, first Lord Baltimore, who gave his name to our Catholic metropolis-Baltimore, Maryland. Dr. Arnold's oldest son followed Dr. Newman into the Catholic church, and of four sons of Mr. Wilberforce three became Catholics. What can be said of the Scotts, Arnolds and Wilberforces can be said of nearly every family in England.

Cardinal Newman's life was divided with a strange equality between the two communions-for he lived in each for half his life almost to a month. He actually changed the face of the Anglican church, while he could not alter one feather of the other. It was he who taught the Anglican church, but to the Roman Catholic church he came only to learn. "Out of my own head," says Cardinal Newman, he started the tracts, he was the mainspring of the movement.

The doctrines then expounded, though fresh to the hearers, were as old as the Apostles, and were gathered by Cardinal Newman from the Bible he loved and studied. They had been taught without intermission by the Catholic church from the first Peter to the last priest.

The result of Cardinal Newman's labor as a revivalist is seen to-day in the typical Anglican clergyman's conduct even dresses himself in the manner of a Catholic priest. The Oxford movement established mutual confidence, mutual affection, mutual respect. At first when undergraduates went home and began to rave about Dr. Newman, anxious parents shook their heads. Cardinal Newman! the very fountain of so much piety for thirsty souls! Anxious mothers were asking, as did the mothers of the Moxleys, "Is he a good man?" When the sermons and tracts penetrated into the provinces the question answered itself, and happy were the mothers whose sons were under the influence which made religion seem to the young so manly and so ennobling.

Mr. John Mendnell says in great praise of his exquisite character, of his genius, and of his wonderful insight into human nature: "I never think of him without mentally lifting my hat in token of my reverence."

He was especially fond of reading his writings aloud, on Sunday afternoons, to his family. His "Lead, Kindly Light," was a great favorite of his. "Cardinal Newman would make men anxious for their souls," he said.

There are at the Oratory three of the immediate band, named with Father Ambrose St. John—Father Neville (William Payne Neville), "the devoted William" of Cardinal Newman's last whispers; Dr. Ryder, now Superior of the Oratory, a man of fine literary temper, and Father Austin Mills.

Once Cardinal Newman received a letter from a stranger, telling him that a young man friend of his had just become a Catholic by reading one of his tracts and asked him if he would be good enough as to convert him back again. Cardinal Newman was no half-hearted Catholic.

"I would not miss one sigh or tear, Heart pain or thrilling brow. Sweet was the chastisement severe And sweet the misery now."

The typical Yorkshire man, Lord Ripon, with all the best qualities and sympathies, appeared at the London Oratory to claim admission to the Catholic church. It was to the writings of Cardinal Newman that was attributed the transition of the feelings of Lord Ripon.

Lord Gellun, whose brother was one of Cardinal Newman's band, was a close follower to Rome.

To Pius IX. he paid his homage in a sermon at Birmingham, in which he recalls his great act towards us here—towards me.

"One of his first acts, after he was Pope, was to his great condescension, to call me to Rome. Then when I got there he bade me send for my friends to be with me, who formed us into an Oratory. Such is the Pope now happily reigning on the chair of St. Peter, such our personal obligation to him, such has he been towards us, towards you, my dear brethren."

It was precisely this prevailing personality in Cardinal Newman that distinguished him from his contemporaries. The pretentious "we" was dropped in favor of the simple "I." "Unit spoke to unit."

"Heart speaketh unto heart," was his own chosen motto as a Cardinal, who bared his heart for the inspection of friend and foe, who told man how, when he was ordained an Anglican minister, "he wept most abundant and sweet tears, at the thought of what he had become," and so on through all the phases of his life. He allowed himself to be put under a microscope, so to speak.

For the most part the poet has shown himself so spontaneously, so autobiographically in his manuscripts, and all the world has listened. His natural refinement was intense. There was no trace of anything artificial or of unreal reserve, and here at last humility can be studied in a priest.

Newman was a baby when Keats was born, Shelley was just eight years old, and Byron was just beginning to scribble his verses and being well hated at Harrow. Cardinal Newman hardly ranks cotemporary with themthough he was 20 years old when Keats died and was of age when Shelley died, and 23 when Byron died. Sir Walter Scott was 50 years old when Cardinal Newman was born, and when Scott died Cardinal Newman was beginning the Tractarian movement—which was to give Abbotsford to Rome. Newman's literary admirations were in a great part those of the period. For Scott he had all of Gladstone's enthusiasm.

He gratefully mentions Scott as having, in some sort of way, by his scenes of chivalry, opened the path for the Catholic revival—"Surely a route to the Oratory by the way of Wardour street."

Scott's novels he put in the hands of the boys at the Oratory school, at Edgbaston, as prizes, and examined in them.

Perhaps his happiest holiday was when he spent five weeks at Abbotsford at the end of 1852, the guest of Mr. Hope Scott, who, like his wife-Lockhart's daughterhad become a Catholic.

He wrote Mr. Hope Scott: "It would be a great pleasure to spend some time with you and then I have ever had the utmost sympathy for Sir Walter Scott, and it would delight me to see his place. When he was dying I was saying prayers, whatever they were worth, for him, and continually thinking of Keble's word,

"'Think on the minstrel as ye kneel."

Sir Walter Scott died a Protestant among Catholics. Father Lockhart, a distant cousin, at his unresponsive side, with the sound of his daughter's voice reading passages from her book, "Garden of the Soul," in his ears.

The Lord Chief Justice ranked it as the highest honor to be a host of Cardinal Newman's even after his secession, and there was no home in London where he was more welcome than at the Deanery of St. Paul's.

Dean Church was one of that immense body of actual contemporarian or immediate juniors who came under Dr.

Newman's personal influence.

In no sense will Catholics hesitate to admit the truth and say that Cardinal Newman was the founder of the Anglican church as it now is. Great as his services have been in the communion in which he died, they were nothing by the side of those he rendered in the communion nearly fifty of the most eventful years of his life were passed.

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE AT THE EDGBASTON ORATORY.

(St. Philip Neri.)

The Oratorians are secular priests with vows bound together by the simple tie of charity. Their aim is the conversion and sanctification of souls by means of prayer, daily preaching, frequentations of the sacrament. Each priest is free to go where he will, but the simple life they lead together is very beautiful.

While in the Anglican church Dr. Newman was very much attached to St. Philip Neri.

To those who have not seen the Edgbaston Oratory, a glimpse of what that home is may be interesting.

Along the dingy streets of Birmingham, and within a short distance of the open, still wild and beautiful country, spreads the broad road of Edgbaston, with the wide gardens and villas, shrubberies which sift the smoke and in spring time at least are bright with lilac and laburnum. The Oratory, fronting one of these roads within sight of the thicket and sound of singing birds, is an imposing brick building, with spacious corridors and well provided rooms. Each Father has his own comfortable room, li-

brary and bedroom in one—the bed within a screen, a crucifix above, and the frugal personals and little fillings on the walls.

The library of the home is full of valuable books, most of them once the private property of Dr. Newman forming the necleus of a stately collection for the use of the community. In the home the long soutane and berretta are worn, to go about they were the usual dress of the clergy of England. It is the rule of the Oratory that it must be in a town. Father Newman, warmly seconded by Faber, had looked to London as the modern Babylon—a place of all others where an Oratory was most needed.

The refectory contains a number of small tables and a pulpit at one end. At one of these tables sits the Superior, clad like the rest, save the red line of his berretta, which marks his Cardinal's rank. But among his children he is still more the Superior and Father than a Prince of the church. At a table near him may, perhaps, be a guest. At other tables the community sit two and two. After the frugal meal they pass to another room for a frugal dessert and coffee, except on Feast days and Easter, a glass of wine.

In the early history of the Oratory, Aleester street, Birmingham, they wore long black cloaks, but an edict was issued against them by the government, that they should

not appear in public in that garb.

"Father Newman," as he had come to be called by the general public, as well as by his own people, entered upon his life with a humility which probably astonished some of those who knew him only as a warlike champion of whatever cause he espoused. It was a noteworthy fact that when there was danger to be faced, instead of deputing to another, he bravely undertook the perilous duty himself.

There was much to remind one at the Oratory of the Common Rooms of the Oxford man at Oxford. Father Newman took great delight in his violin. At evening, occasionally, the notes came down the corridor near his rooms. They all knew he had not lost the art he loved, while it calmed a mind excited from without or resting from strenuous labor, in the creation of sweet sounds. He was a very early riser, punctual as the stars. He preached very often, and may well be described in words he had applied to St. Philip Neri-"Thy deep simplicity."

In 1850 the Oratorians left Aleester street, in order to take up their residence in their own home, Hagley road, Edgbaston, suburb of Birmingham. Neither school nor house has much pretentions to architectural beauty. Everything is built for use, to promote scholarly education for the sons of Catholic nobility and gentry. Schools for the poor quickly followed.

All money received from his tracts and books he expended in adding to the Oratorian library, which is a very fine one.

There were lovely books of manuscript—which "Philip" so often spoke about—three very large books occupying the entire center of the library; some interesting pamphlets from Dr. Pusey, "dear Newman, with E. B. Pusey's fond love."

Dr. Pusey (Edward Bouverie Pusey, D. D.), professor of Hebrew at Oxford, died September 16, 1886, was born August 22, 1800, being the second son of the Hon. Philip Bouverie, who assumed the name of Pusey by royal license. Dr. Pusey's father was half-brother of the first Earl of Radnor, his mother Lady Cave, daughter of the fourth Earl of Harbrough. He received his preliminary



DR. PUSEY.



education at Eton College, afterwards entering Christ Church College, Oxford, whence he was graduated with high honors in 1822, and the following year was elected a Fellow at Oriel College.

The example of Dr. Newman choosing the Oratory was followed by most of his companions. Ambrose St. John, Father Ambrose as he was afterwards called, Henry Austin Mills, William Payne Neville and Dr. Ryder all became Oratorians, while Father Christie of the Society of Jesus-Father Faber says-lawyers, medical students, etc., were pouring pellmell into the church, and said he was worked "off of his legs."

For a short time the Oratory was at Maryvale (the name given by Father Christie, S. J., afterwards), in 1848 removed to Aleester street, and finally to Edgbaston. Most of the Fathers were men of means.

It was a strange thing in those days to go into the church at Aleester street and see Dr. Newman in the pulpit preaching principally to laborers, he who held spellbound the intellect and culture of a famous university.

He showed how true a man he was that he strove just as hard in his new position as in his old, if not harder. He was found by the sick when the most frightful types were prevalent. In 1849 cholera broke out. Catholic priests were prostrated. Archbishop Ullathorne could not find a substitute. Cardinal Newman (then Father) and Father Ambrose St. John volunteered for the post and went over to Bilston at once. They remained fighting the foul disease and breathing the pestilential air, living among the most heartrending scenes. No matter how many believe in the faith they cannot disregard the fact of the truly magnificent spirit of self-abnegation and brotherly love.

His words carried great weight wherever the English language was spoken. He was during the whole course of his life thoroughly honest in the expression of his convictions. He never learned the art of covering up disagreeable truths or removing out of sight a fact calculated to tell against him. Endowed with an intellect one of the most acute ever bestowed upon man, and well disciplined by severe study and profound meditation, it was his delight to grapple with difficulties. That mind, so ingenious and searching, never rested until it found the bases of an opinion. How much patience, earnest thought, were brought to bear upon an idea, before he could see it in so many lights, view it in such different relations, and place it before the reader, in all the nakedness of truth. But it is characteristic of great thinkers, and such, pre-eminently, was John Henry, Cardinal Newman.

Upon one occasion Dr. Newman was being entertained at a dining. At that time he had become a Catholic, and to his disgust they lionized him in the most objectionable manner, assuming a gentle tone of patronage and congratulation that made him wince repeatedly. His manner under the infliction was characteristic. A corpse could hardly have seemed more rigid or unresponsive. He came over to a friend who was present and remarked quietly, "It is nice to have met here. One feels a little lonely."

Cardinal Newman was very reserved with those who were not in sympathy with him, and hid himself behind a wall of ice. Cardinal Wiseman was very reserved also, but he would look bored. Dr. Newman's manner gave less offense. People were content to regard him as a sphinx—and people will always reverence what is to them a mystery.

Dr. Newman lived on an intellectual platform—highly cultivated and above the trivialities of life. He could not endure gossip or littleness of any kind. Dr. Newman always resented being drawn out. He had a very keen as well as a very fastidious intellect. No one in his day was as much so.

The great Oratorian would talk excellently well when he was interested. The two themes he loved were the past history of the church and music. He was very much loved in England, more so than Cardinal Wiseman. The character of his reserve made him in some ways a typical Englishman. He had an attractive personality and a voice which was a charm to sensitive ears. Upon one occasion I was reading "Loss and Gain." "Philip" remarked to me, "Let me read the first few lines to see if it sounds like him." After reading, he said, on returning the book, "His very words. I fancy I can hear his lovely voice," and that was years after "Philip" had been to the Oratory. "O!" he remarked, "that voice. I hear it as plainly as I did when a boy."

So greatly were persons affected by his voice, many would follow his mass, in preference to all others, merely for the pleasure of hearing certain inflections and his utterance of certain words. He knew this, and consequently took to saying mass at a very early hour, no one knowing

precisely when.

His repugnance to being made a fuss over was not wholly due to his sensitiveness, for his humility was

scarcely less remarkable.

His intense kindness of heart was most touching. His gentle tone of raillery was very pretty. A friend once sat down in a rather straight and penitential chair, and he

said, with one of his rare smiles, "Couldn't you find a more uncomfortable seat?"

Cardinal Newman had a great devotion to the church and zeal for the glory of God. He lived in a spiritual world of his own, peopled by angels, more really present to his mind than the human beings who surrounded him. And when we consider his utter devotion to his friends, and his royal way of giving himself to those whom he really loved -like Father Ambrose St. John-we can little realize what his spiritual must have been.

The friendship which he inspired was ideal. Men were content to efface themselves where he was concerned. It seemed to those who loved him, as a matter of course, and no self-sacrifice would have appeared to them worth a moment's hesitation, if they might thereby have added to his happiness, or have procured for him a few more years of life and usefulness. He was a David to many Jonathans. though none was so closely knit to his soul as the Jonathan of his youth—Father Ambrose St. John.

Cardinal Newman possessed great tact. Upon one occasion he was appealed to for advice in the case of a friend who had offended Cardinal Wiseman-most innocently. A coolness had been existing for some time, and no longer able to bear this coolness they asked Dr. Newman to advise them what to do in order to be forgiven. He told the person "to write to Cardinal Wiseman, inviting themselves to luncheon as if nothing had happened." It was done. and the answer was, "they might come," and they were as good friends as ever.

Brother Azarias says in his "Phases of Thought:" "In 1877 he met Cardinal Newman in the modest parlor of the Birmingham Oratory. That meeting," he says, "was one of the most precious incidents of his life.

"The very simplicity of that parlor was in keeping with the greatness of the man. He had lately returned from his beloved Oxford, where his Alma Mater did herself the honor and him a kind act of tardy justice in inducting him as Honorary Fellow.

"The veteran knight of natural and revealed truth looked old and careworn and his hair was blanched, his features were furrowed with the traces of age, his manners were simple and condescending, his voice soft and beautiful in its various modulations, now serious, now playful, according to the subject he spoke upon. With exquisite tact he listened or placed his remarks as the case might be

required.

"There was a charm in his conversation as it flowed along, placid and pleasant. His countenance glowed with a nameless expression. His eyes sparkled, and he spoke with all clearness and strength of a man whose intellect was still unimpaired. You could not be one-half hour in his presence when you would feel the spell of that irresistible personal influence which swayed through life, whether within the walls of Oriel or from the Anglican pulpit of St. Mary's at Oxford, or in the retirement of the Oratory."

You can then understand the power that shook the Anglican church to its very base at the time of his conversion,

1845.

In 1889 Brother Azarias again visited the venerable "With him still flashed that brilliant intelleader of men. lectual light that had been the beacon and the comfort of so many souls, groping through the mists of doubt and envy. As Cardinal he was the same cheerful, pleasant, unassuming man that he had been as plain John Henry Newman.

"Would that for the reader one could limn the dear sweet face, so genial and gentle and serene, that ever haunts one who has ever met him. Would that one could describe that voice so soft and mellow that continues to reverberate in the ears of everyone who has heard it, and catch the genial glance of those eyes that one still beholds with their far-away look, as though piercing into another world and communing with some visible person."

Though endowed with the sensibility of the poet, Cardinal Newman never permitted sentiment or feeling to control or divert the severe logic of his noble reason. For instance, the caution with which he took his first step in his long career. For years inclination and grace and the logic of his mind had been leading him into the church, but he made no move that was not sanctioned by reason and conscience. He said "he had no right to act against his conscience."

Protestants questioned his honesty and Catholics feared he might be triffing with grace, but nevertheless he waited and prayed, and the truth grew upon him from the gray of dawn to the full light of day. Never for a single moment did he falter through the whole course of his long and painful struggle.

Cardinal Newman's life at the Oratory was simple and until within a few years of his death he used to rise at five o'clock. He dressed and shaved himself and began his devotions, which lasted until seven. During Father Ambrose St. John's life he always attended to the cutting of his hair, shaving and everything pertaining to his personal comfort. Later years he said mass in his own rooms, it being partitioned off for that purpose. Formerly it was said in the Chapel of the Bonamors—and in it the founder

and benefactors of his old college at Oxford were always remembered. At eight o'clock he appeared in the refectory, where he breakfasted in silence, as is the custom in a religious house, attending while he ate his breakfast to reading his letters, which were numerous. At nine he retired to his room, when, after making his own bed and tidying his own room, he looked over his correspondence and whatever he might have on hand until two in the afternoon. During the afternoon he went out an hour or two in the suburbs of Birmingham or into the playgrounds of the Oratory school to watch the games of the pupils; sometimes pouring over bookstalls in the city.

Sometimes he drove out in his brougham, which was given to him after election to the Cardinalate. At half past five he attended vespers. At six came the community dinner, following a period of social intercourse in the recreation room. The seat beside him was reserved as the guest chair, and "Philip" so often remarked, what a privilege he enjoyed sitting beside him as a guest, for being the son of an Anglican clergyman and subsequently an Anglican bishop, he received every attention that all do from the Fathers while being their guest.

Very few personal friends were admitted to his own room. Servants were never admitted.

His attire was simple as the rooms in which he lived. It was that of an ordinary Oratorian. After his elevation he still kept up his own simplicity and made no difference in his style of living. He liked to be called "Father" to the last-never desired to be "Eminenced," and disliked any of his brother Oratorians to genuflect unless it was when any of them asked his blessing on going away. At dinner, when the day came round, Father Newman was accustomed to gird on his apron and wait upon his brothers, not sitting down until they were all served. Some work of general interest was introduced at dinner. Each one gave his opinion, with the formal words, "But I speak under correction." The Cardinal, after all had spoken, gave his decision. Then all adjourned to an adjoining parlor, where, after coffee was served, there came the pent-up flow of conversation and the play of wit, the wealth of anecdote and reminiscences, tender glances of the past, keen remarks on the notable events of the day. He was surrounded by a body of men who knew and loved him, shared his troubles and fears, and now enjoyed his ever calm and confident love—such as Fathers Ambrose St. John, William Payne Neville, Henry Austin Mills. "Oh the long sought and tardy found," as he wrote of the church of his adoption-"desire of the eye, joy of the heart, truth after many sorrows—home after many storms, came to her poor wanderers—for it is she alone can unfold the secret of your being, and the meaning of your destiny."

In 1875 Father Newman suffered what he himself considered his greatest loss—the death of Father Ambrose St. John-who from Littlemore days until 1875, thirtytwo years, had been with him.

"There are wounds of the spirit which never close and are intended by God's mercy to prevent us from leaving him. This is how I comfort myself—in my great bereavement. I lost my dearest friend. I never had so great a loss. He had been my life under God, for thirty-two years."

Father Ambrose St. John, who was of the Gordon family, England, is buried at Rednal, the Oratory cemetery. Fifteen years later his grave was opened to admit the remains of that grand old man-John Henry, Cardinal Newman-at his own request. United in life, they were not separated in death. Father Ambrose St. John was "Philip's" Confessor, and while yet a boy he wandered into the church and looked into a confessional, desirous of seeing one. He was then an Episcopalian. Father Ambrose St. John was in his confessional and he said: "When were you last at confession, my son?" From the answer given he soon learned he was not a Catholic. He was invited into the Oratory and given some spiritual reading. That was on a Friday night, and he was to call on the following Monday, which decided his course of action and which resulted in his conversion, and he was confirmed later by the late Bishop Ullathorne at St. Chad, taking for his confirmation name "Philip" in honor of St. Philip Neri, Patron Saint of the Oratory.

Previous to his conversion he remarked, "I am going down to St. Chad for fun." "Be careful," said a Protestant lady, "be careful, my son; that is no place to visit for fun.' You may come out feeling more serious than when you went in." While there he saw an old woman, poor and humble, touch the garment of Bishop Ullathorne with reverence and kissed it as he passed her. "Philip" remarked inwardly, "There must be something in this religion to cause that poor old woman to make such an act of devotion and reverence."

He was also very much impressed at the Military Mass when the "Guards" came down to Oratory church, dropping arms in the vestibule before entering. All seemed to impress his youthful mind. Twice a year the Italians came to the Oratory church, remaining three days—Christmas and Easter—to make their confession. Lodging and food

was prepared for them while they remained. They were employed in the various manufacturing places, railroads, etc., of Birmingham. Father Ambrose St. John attended to them and their comfort.

Cardinal Newman showed a shrewd and practical observation in all domestic and personal concerns. In all these the Cardinal took a full share—as much at home here as among his grave pursuits, his clear, musical voice interposing frequently to add the contribution of his "mitis sa prentice" to the general hour, which recalls the description given of the first Oratory, over which St. Philip Neri presided, "The School of Christian Mirth." Two most striking things among the Fathers at the Oratory were the thoroughly English tone and the liberality in the highest sense of their views. Cardinal Newman always loved plain and homely ways, retirement from the busy haunts of men, pleasure of contemplation and the delights of a scholar's occupation. In the unique library of the Oratory he found society and counsellors. Nor did age cause his diligence to wane. When he was 78 he assisted at the monthly examination of the most advanced boys at the Oratory and did more work than many an industrious man in the prime of life. During the last years of his life, however, he rarely left his rooms even to go out to Rednal. Only a few persons were admitted to see him. Lord Emly paid him a visit once a year, and the Duke of Norfolk, who was educated at the Oratory school, was a privileged visitor.

From first to last he acted according to his lights. God respected the earnest endeavor and crowned him with the grace of conversion.

The strict and chivalric adherence to the truth at all

times and under all circumstances has won for him the profound respect and admiration of Christendom.

Cardinal Newman's mind was essentially a religious mind. Religion for him was a reality. "It was a sacred tunic, clothing all his thoughts, making them holy and earnest. It was the essential part of his existence, it was the life of his life."

The community at the Oratory called him "The Father." The Birmingham people still called him "Dr. Newman." Upon one occasion an old woman in humble circumstances, his first convert in Birmingham, knitted him a pair of enormously long scarlet stockings, like drawers, "to keep the dear old man warm," she said. Cardinal Newman, finding them waiting for him on his return from Rome, would do nothing before trying them on, and found them so comfortable that he discarded the elegant shorter articles and ordered the old woman to knit him several pairs.

The pictures of Cardinal Newman with the hair tossed and full face are very much like him. His eyes are very meditative, looking far into space, or rather—I suppose—heaven. His voice! Oh! his voice had a tone never heard before—can only be described as "exquisitely sympathetic." He wore a black Oratorian cassock, with scarlet sash, scarlet stockings, scarlet zuchetto. All below and across his forehead his hair is tossed, exquisite silver-white color and silky. An old Irishman once said, "You would think, sir, that he never put a comb near it." He was singularly graceful and when not talking intensely still.

When the bells of St. Chad Cathedral, Birmingham, rang so loud and at so late an hour he was asked why. "Only some young men keeping themselves warm." Even amusements have an ecclesiastical side.

In 1850 Father Newman founded the London Oratory on King William's street. His stay there was of the briefest kind. Father Faber, Dr. Newman's acolyte, was appointed as superior. He had followed him within a month into the Catholic church and practically founded the Lon-



FATHER FABER.

don Oratory. He had a greater exuberance of both feeling and expression than Dr. Newman, or Father Newman as he was then.

To Mr. John Manners of Ruhland he wrote:

"He walked, with glory round thy brow

And the splendor of boyhood, with a bold bearing of a man that plays,

In eyes, which do with such sweet skill and expression, Thy soul's hereditary gentleness." That male eyes had "sweet skill" or that men had eyes at all worth observing by men, came as a surprise, if not a shock, to many.

Father Faber said, when expostulated with, "Strong expressions towards male friends—all a matter of taste."

The Oxford movement established mutual confidence, mutual affections, mutual respect.

By series of events, none of them noisy or startling, but which have become historic—or some would say, a singular leading of divine Providence, one by nature, retiring and shy, holds a position of higher dignity than other, not hereditary—in England. A small room in a religious house, only technically different from a monk's cell, the home of the one English writer, of transcendical intellect and literary merit. In England those who repudiated the Papal claim felt honored when the spiritual honors were bestowed on Dr. Newman. It came tardily, but the late Pope Pius IX. had not so fair a share of discovering intellectual worth as his successor, Leo. XIII., being more narrowly Italian-to fully understand an English mind as that of Dr. Newman. Much of the improved understanding is due "Apologia pro Vita sua"-a fragment of autobiography written with care and courage, and frankness, a work which has become classic, and is and ought to be known to all students of religious life.

The honors he received have been returned in full measure. He relieved his mind by writing the extremely interesting story, "Loss and Gain."

After his elevation to the purple his life was singularly uneventful. Once now and then he left the seclusion of the Oratory to pay a visit to old friends. Upon more than one occasion he went up to spend a few days with the

Duke of Norfolk, whom he loved very dearly, an old pupil at the Oratory school, and at whose home were gathered about him a brilliant company of the men and women of the day. Beyond everything he was fond of the home life at the Oratory. As years passed he withdrew more and more into solitude, emerging only to appear in church on some grand festival and sometimes preach, with no little of his old charm.

In 1879 it was known that Leo XIII. wished especially to do honor to his pontificate by numbering Father Newman among the Cardinals, and he felt he could not refuse the honor. On the seventh of April, 1879, he left Birmingham for Rome, arriving there on the 24th of April. On the 12th of May he received his Cardinal's hat; chose for his motto, "Heart speaketh unto heart." On the 14th of May, attended by his train bearers, gentlemen of honor, in full pontifical court dress, the Fathers of the Oratory, and the master of ceremonies to the Pope, he was received at the door of the English College, conducted into a large chamber, crowded with ladies and gentlemen, Protestants as well as Catholics. He received at the hands of Englishspeaking Catholics, residents in Rome, a graceful and substantial mark of respect. The vestments of his great office, which had been subscribed to by an admiring co-religious, were exposed to view, the cloth of silver, cape, and jeweled mitre, for state occasions, the pectoral cross and chain, a silver and gilt altar candlestick. On the back of the vestments were worked His Eminence's coat-ofarms, in proper heraldic colors, and his motto, "Cor ad cor loquitus." *

The illuminated address which accompanied the rich gift and congratulated the recipient on his elevation, was

^{*}Heart Speaketh Unto Heart.

read by Lady Herbert of Lea, who had taken an active part in the testimonial, zealously encouraging it to a successful issue. Cardinal Newman warmly thanked them. It was announced at the same time that the Pope had conferred the church of St. Georgia Velabro on him, perhaps on account of his peculiar fitness—an edifice dedicated to the Patron Saint of England.

After the imposing ceremony, which was too much to endure for a much younger man, symptoms of hidden de Strapazzo was averted by his physician to the great joy of the Catholic world. His Eminence slowly recovered. "To home again," he said when he arrived in Birmingham. "The idea of home is consecrated by our Patron St. Philip Neri, for in his mind the title of home was the very essence of his religious institution." His clouded life at Edgbaston has been surrounded and refined by the influence of strong friendship.

The Duke of Norfolk and Lord Ripon called on him on his return and congratulated him. One of the most pleasing to his mind of congratulations came from New South Wales. The Catholics sent him a golden salver and an appreciative address.

The Prince of the Sacred College never ceased to be at heart a plain Father of the Oratory.

He would have preferred to remain plain "Father Newman," but he felt it would have been ungrateful in him towards those who had been at such pains to obtain the honor for him, and he accepted it, though he preferred obscurity.

When he arrived in Rome he went directly to the residence of Cardinal Howard, a relative of the Duke of Norfolk. After receiving his Cardinal's berretta he made a

speech. Dr. Pusey said: "It was a beautiful speech, quite the old John Henry Newman speaking out the truth, yet not wounding a single heart."

He loved to be alone. It was, therefore, a surprise when the comment was made that he was to be raised to the Cardinalate. He was very reluctant to accept the princely position, with its attending dignity and responsibilities. His scruples were, however, overcome and the office was pressed upon him, Duke of Norfolk going purposely to Rome to urge the honor conferred upon him. Whenever he could he retired from publicity, seeking that solitude which he occupied by praying, doing good, pouring forth eloquence which flowed on like a river irrigating its banks on each side, depositing golden sands of noble suggestions —to counsel seriousness of purpose, a foundation to stand mankind in good stead for mortal life.

An invalid friend, now dead, once said "that Cardinal Newman would already feel compensated did he know the solace and pleasure his writings imparted during sleepless hours at night and solitary days of sadness." To an invalid his writings are full of comfort and brightness, comfort in the assurance that when bodily sufferings exist it is God's will, and brightness in the anticipation of the bright recompense surely, though perhaps slowly, approaching, hidden by the veil between the visible and invisible worlds until God elects to draw aside to confer the reward for cheerful submission to His will and brave endurance of suffering and sadness.

Cardinal Newman says of bodily suffering: "Pain which by nature leads us only to ourselves, carries the Christian mind from the thought of self to the contemplation of Christ, His Passion, His Pattern, and thence to that united company of sufferers who follow Him."

For every suffering, great or little, may, like the widow's mite, be sanctified in faith to Him, when he said, "Thy will be done." Christ gave us the words of consecration.

St. Philip Neri Feast was a time of great joy in Cardinal Newman's home. His devotion to the Saint whose habit he wore, under whose rule he lived, was deep. One of the most interesting features of St. Philip Neri Feast, which occurs on the 26th of May, was at High Mass, when, after the Gospel, Cardinal Newman ascended the pulpit and read, not without pause from strong emotion, a beautiful narrative of his Saint's last days upon earth. It was the most touching reading ever heard. It was absolutely simple. There was no striving after effect, only a few notes of the voice seemed to be employed—it caused a spell. One can only use Cardinal Newman's own words -"cor ad cor loquitis" in his own poem:

"ST. PHILIP IN HIS GOD."

As snow thine inward pleadings fall As soft, as light, as pure, as cool, With gentle weight and gradual, And sink into the feverish soul."

The distinctive characteristic of St. Philp of Neri was a most wonderful union with God. His sphere was not the cloister, but the world. His position was that of a secular priest.

When a boy, prayer was his resource for all his little troubles, and God rewarded his childish petitions. Having once dropped a gold chain in the street, he had re-

course to prayer and instantly found it.

In 1533 Philip entered Rome, penniless, and from that day until the day of his death he never quitted it. Though he was such a master of prayer, one day he met some Tesuit Fathers on the street. He said to them, "You are the sons of a great Father, and I also am under obligations to him, since it was Ignatius who taught me how to make mental prayer."

Each religious body of the church has its own distinctive characteristics, and prayer may be said to be that of St. Philip of Neri, and the children as, indeed, is plainly declared by the name of Congregation of the Oratory.

St. Philip made so much account of prayer that he used to say that a man who did not pray is like an animal without reason. He was fond of ejaculatory prayer because it does not fatigue the mind like lengthened meditations.

He sent so many novices to the Jesuits that St. Ignatius used to call him the bell of the society, because, like a church bell, he called others to enter while he remained outside.

He set his sons a pattern of obedience and poverty, for he would quit every other occupation the moment the Sacristan called him to say mass. When he reached the sacristy he would say, "Give me the oldest and shabbiest vestments."

He ruled by the spirit of love alone, feeling for his sons a more than a father's tenderness, and leading them on by gentleness and sweetness, that their hearts were daily more and more inflamed with the love of God. The Fathers elected him perpetual Father Superior. He would never allow himself to be called any other name than "Father."

Hence it has become an established practice in all the

congregations at the Oratory of St. Philip that the Superior shall bear no other title than that of "the Father"—a title Cardinal Newman loved even after he became Cardinal.

In the year 1590 Gregory XIV., in consideration of his great age and extraordinary devotion, dispensed him from saying his office and granted him the privilege of celebrating Mass in a private oratory adjoining his own room. He would not, however, avail himself of the above dispensation, and continued until his death to say his office daily, though such was his constant state of extraordinary union with God that he was obliged to say Mass with one of the fathers being present. If he said it alone he would become abstracted as soon as he began, and would be unable to proceed.

He said his Mass in private. As soon as he came to the Agnus Dei, the server would light a small lamp, extinguish the candles on the altar, close the shutters and leave the oratory, locking both doors and hanging up a tablet with these words, "Silence, the father is saying Mass," so that none might intrude on that mysterious privacy. The server would return in about two hours, knock at the door, and if he received an answer he would enter, light the candles, and St. Philip would resume Mass.

Gregory XV., on the 12th of March, 1622, Feast of St. Gregory the Great, the canonization of St. Philip was solemnized at St. Peter's, and as if to shed greater honor on the occasion, his name was united with St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier and St. Theresa. The heirloom he has left to his children is the spirit of love, so that after an elapse of well-nigh three centuries, St. Philip's children,

whatever their birth, their language, or their clime, continue to yield him the sacrifice and loving obedience as when he was among them.

The following is a beautiful idea about a church bringing to mind the solemnity of God's house-which the writer, as a convert, has had occasion many times to see, quite the opposite from outward observances. those born in the faith Cardinal Newman says:

"The world's etiquette expects and exacts attention between host and guest. God in his love asked undivided homage in his temple," which Cardinal Newman likens to heaven. Heaven, then, is not this world. There we hear solely and entirely of God. We praise Him and glorify Him, think of Him, confess to Him and ask His blessing, and therefore a church is like heaven, viz.: both because, one and the other, there is one single subject, religion brought before us.

Cardinal Newman says of the resurrection of the body: "We deposit our departed friends calmly and thoughtfully in faith, not ceasing to love or remember them, which once lived among us. God's angels, thinking it no unworthy task to preserve them from the powers of evil and, in this view, what a venerable and fearful place is a church. It is the spot where God has for ages manifested Himself to His servants through successive times. What pious, composed thoughts should be ours when we enter church. God, indeed, is everywhere and His angels go to and fro, in the service of Communion. "We magnify God, together with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven.

"Let us bear in mind when we come to worship in God's house that such seasons of service may, for all we know, be wonderfully connected with some ancient purpose of His, announced before we were born, and have a bearing upon our eternal welfare.

"Let us fear to miss our Lord, while Simeon and Anna

found Him."

In every line of Cardinal Newman's writings there is an unfathomable depth of thought when he speaks of the devotion to our Blessed Mother, which was such a great devotion of His. And here let me say at his confirmation he took the name of "Mary" out of long cherished devotion to our Blessed Lady. "Come to Mass as often as you can, visit the Blessed Sacrament, make frequent acts of faith, love and try to live in the presence of God, and further still, interest your dear mother, the Mother of God, in your success; pray to her earnestly. She can do more for you through her intercession than anyone else. Pray her by the pains she suffered when the sharp sword went through her heart; pray her by her own perseverance which was in her the gift of the same God of which you ask yourself. God will not refuse you."

At the Oratory at Edgbaston, on the occasion of the presentation of Cardinal Newman's portrait, June, 1881, the exquisite finishing words of his acknowledgment were, "You ask for my blessing and I bless you with all my heart, as I desire to be blessed myself. Each one of us has individuality, his separate history, his antecedents, and his future, his duties, his responsibilities, his eternity.

"May God's grace, His love, His peace rest on all of you, united as you are in the Oratory of St. Philip, as old and young, as confessors and penitents, or teachers and taught, or living and dead.

"The earth will last its time, and while the earth lasts,

Holy Mother Church will. May the Oratory of Birmingham last, also, many generations, and the same faithful to St. Philip-strong in the protection of Our Lady and all saints, not losing as time goes on its sympathy with the first fathers.

"As we turn and stretch forth our hands with love and awe towards our unborn successors, whom on earth we shall never know, these words will strike a feeling of gratitude in the hearts of those 'unborn successors' when read by them, and in their turn they will stretch forth their hands with love and awe towards heaven, and pray for their benefactor, the great Oratorian Cardinal, that they may profit by his teachings, and after ceaseless and persevering exertions, gain heaven, where he with God's grace will be in the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision, and where those 'unborn successors,' with God's grace may also enter into the same rest."

His love of music and his skill in it no doubt added to the charm of his somewhat dreamy life.

It is a remark of St. Philip Neri's biographer that our saint was profoundly convinced that in music and song is a mysterious and mighty power to stir the heart with high and noble emotions and a fitness to raise it above to the tone of heavenly things.

In like manner Cardinal Newman has spoken of the emotions which some gentle strain excites in us. How. too, music is the expression of ideas, great and more profound than any in the visible world.

Ideas that center in Him, whose Catholicism manifests the seal of all beauty, order and perfection. Music to Cardinal Newman was not ingenuity or trial of art, without meaning to him. "Man sweeps the strings and they thrill with an ecstatic meaning."

Can it be these mysterious stirrings of the heart and keen emotions and strange yearning after we know not what, should come and go and begin and end in itself?

It is not so! They have escaped from higher spheres; they are echoes from our home; they are the voices of the angels or the magnificat of the saints.

As with St. Philip Neri, music held a favored place in his thoughts and plans. To Cardinal Newman's mind music was an important part of an education. It is a great resource when they are thrown out on the world. It is a social amusement, perfectly innocent, and, what is so great a point for a boy, enables him to escape from himself. He cannot be playing difficult passages on the violin and thinking of anything else.

"I began the violin," says Cardinal Newman, "when I was ten years old." He kept his violin in a green baize bag. One of the boys at the Oratory Schools was lent the aged green baize bag, and lost it. He never heard the last of it. When there was a question of lending him anything else "The Father" would say, very quietly, "I think I lent you a green baize bag." Nor would he allow it was lost-"You mean mislaid." For many years he had given up the violin, but finding some of the school boys taking to strings he took it up again by way of encouragement to them.

He was invited upon one occasion by a Jesuit Father to play. His reply was, "I have not the confidence in my own performance to think I could compete with a classical Jesuit," and that was Father Jouveney, S. J. When a quartet from Shubert was played to him, in March, 1878, the sole remark he let fall was, "Very harmonious and clever, but it does not touch the heart."

One time, playing something from Mendelssohn, he said: "Oh, that minor key cuts me to the heart. I cannot rightfully say whether I hear, touch, or taste the tone. What a heartrending melody!" Just as Blanco White thoroughly initiated Cardinal Newman in the mysteries of Beethoven, so did Cardinal Newman lead his boys, as they would say, "to swear by Beethoven."

Round would come "The Father" with ancient copies of the celebrated composer. "The Dutchman," as he called him, was "The Father's" prime favorite, with his force and depth and sweetness. Although he betrayed a little doubt as to Beethoven being essentially religious, he was unwilling to have anything said against him.

Upon one occasion a father who was distracted while singing High Mass-Beethoven's Mass in "C"-humorously vented his wrath later against that sublime "Credo." Said he: "I think that is a condemnable 'Credo.'" "Oh, I rather like it," was Cardinal Newman's reply.

One time Father Newman was at a musical festival, which is held yearly in Birmingham. It being a very musical city, it has a very large music hall. A certain lady came in and chatted away behind him, like a magpie, all through "Mozart's C Minor" symphony. When the din of Brahms's Triumphirel came on, her voice was quite drowned and Cardinal Newman whispered to the one who accompanied him, "Brahms is a match for her." She subsequently resumed talk about Ireland, and Gounod, but in vain, "The buckets were drawn up empty."

Though it was nearly three in the afternoon before the morning concert came to an end, a second lady, introduced by a noble lord, detained him upon questions relative to the state of the soul after death, what St. Thomas

had said, etc. Meanwhile sweepers, uninterested in the discussion, were pursuing their avocation in emptying the hall: servants were wondering as to when His Eminence would be released.

Another time he was attending the annual musical festival and would say "Beautiful, beautiful, wonderful." It was Cherubini's First Requiem in C Minor; he was very much overcome and Mon Stupetest. He shook his head in his solemn way, saying or murmuring "Beautiful, beautiful." The point that touched him most by far, and which he spoke of afterward on driving home, was the rendering of the Agnus Dei. He could not get over itthe lovely note "C" which keeps recurring in the Requiem approaches eternity.

When it was rendered in its true home, the church, he said: "It is magnificent music. What a beautiful Mass, and when you get as old as I am it comes rather to home." Upon one occasion, on "All Souls' Day," Cardinal Newman was at his throne, in his purple robes, a friend being in the gallery at the end of the nave, the dim-lit sanctuary (with the Cardinal's zuchetto the only bit of coloring in the gloom), the sublime music, remarked all had a most impressive effect. He always looked most imposing in his vestments and was most graceful in every movement. On receiving a march, written by one of the pupils of the Oratory School, he wrote, "It shows you are marching in your accomplishments."

Then afterwards he received a new edition of St. Magnus. "On what occasion had he marched. I know Bishops were warlike in the middle ages." However, this march was popular. Cardinal Newman was passionately

fond of Father Faber's hymn, "Eternal Years."

"Some persons have liked my 'Lead, Kindly Light,' but it was the voice of one groping in darkness, asking for help from our Lord. But 'Eternal Years' is quite different, full of light, rejoicing in suffering with our Lord, so that mine compares unfavorably with 'Eternal Years.'"

When it was sung to him, as requested, after a very severe illness, he said: "I thank you with all my heart; God bless you. I pray that when you go to Heaven you may hear the angels singing with the genius that God has endowed them with."

Someone remarked to Cardinal Wiseman, who was fond of the Gregorian tones, "You should hear the fine music at Cardinal Newman's, the church at the Oratory." "Oh," said Cardinal Wiseman, "Newman is a fiddler."

The violin was an instrument upon which he performed with much more than ordinary skill. For music he always retained a great love. The love of music kept with him to the very end of his life, and so long as he was physically able to play it was no uncommon thing to hear the tones of his violin coming from his quiet room. He willed his violin to a young lady whose father he was very fond of. Even in his last illness his hand lay on his violin. So long as he could use a finger he never gave up his beloved instrument.

A gentleman visiting Birmingham sent an invitation to the eminent Oratorian to hold a public disputation Cardinal Newman declined, on the grounds of the small skill he had in controversy, but he added "he was credited with some small power of playing the violin and he would be happy to meet his challenger at a trial of strength on that instrument."

Dr. Num, Blanco White and Dr. Newman at frequent

trios, at the latter's lodgings, at Oxford. Blanco White, all agitation, produced such a contrast to Dr. Newman's sphinx-like immobility as the latter drew long rich notes with a steady hand.

"The Father" was bowing forty years later. He used to attend the Oratory School on Sunday, practice between two and three in the afternoon, and took a great interest in the boys' musical advancement.



BEETHOVEN.

Cardinal Newman called Beethoven "the gigantic nightingale; he is like a great bird singing. My sister remembers my using the expression long ago." He wrote to his sister in 1834, when he was a young man thirty-four

years old. There is a lady here (Tunbridge Wells) who plays most beautifully. I think I never heard such a touch! Why, I cannot make out, for she has not long fingers to be brilliant. So you must set yourself to rival her. It would be interesting to examine the causes of expression. You might do it easily. Strength of fingers is one thing, certainly. This lady is not brilliant, in the common sense that is smart and rattling. Every note is so full-toned, so perfect that one requires nothing beyond itself. This, in Beethoven's effective passages, produces a surprising effect. I accompanied her last night and am to do so again to-night." Beethoven, with his force and depth, his tenderness and sweetness, was the Father's prime favorite. Mrs. Newman (his mother) writes to him at school: "Was fascinated with the 'Dutchman' (the name he had given Beethoven to tease his music teacher, because of the Von to his name), and thought of you and your musical party frequently, my son." "Music was a family trait and pursuit," writes Mrs. Morley. "Cardinal Newman's father encouraged it in his children. Cardinal Newman, when a boy of twelve years, wrote an opera, and a dramatic poem when he was fifteen years of age."

On one occasion two of the Oratory boys went up to his rooms, and made bold to enter. They were going away, and wished to tell him "Good-bye." "Every Englishman's home is his castle," said Father Newman, and he went on fiddling.

He could pass from the greatest to the smallest things. Gregory the Great left his audience, with ambassadors, to teach the Roman choiristers the notes of the plain song, and so, too, Cardinal Newman would leave the atmosphere of religious thought and meditation and betake himself to his violin.

He is still remembered by the villagers at Littlemore teaching them hymn tunes in their boyhood. It was a recreation to him in later life to coach the boys at the Oratory in difficult music.

St. Philip Neri assembled his young pupils and taught them a style of music entirely new, the sacred works called "Oratorios." Just before Cardinal Newman's death he passed his hand over his violin and let his hand remain on the instrument till the last moment. Often at twilight sweet strains would float along the corridors of the Oratory.

At a very early age at Edgbaston he arranged some lectures on music to some of the community in the practice-room at St. Clement's, Oxford. He says: "I had a dispute with my singers in May, which ended in their leaving the church and we sang en masse, and in June still, my singers are quite mute."

As the Catholic poet he afterwards was he duly set about to write hymns and composed chants. Since 1834 it would be found his original muse, amid the encircling gloom, had been silent, but on coming into the light of the true faith it struck the lyre again with those lovely notes of "Candlemas:"

"The angel light of Christmas morn Which shot across the sky; Away they pass at Candlemas, They sparkle and they die."

In 1849 appears two original hymns—"Regina Apostolorum." The sacred music was composed entirely by Cardinal Newman; 1851 came two more—"Month of May," "Queen of Seasons." Father Faber wrote "Our Conversion."

"I was wandering and weary."

Keble wrote an ode on the Duke of Wellington's installation as Chancellor at Oxford. Dr. Crotch was employed to write the music. Father Newman wrote to Keble: "I hope Dr. Crotch will do your ode justice." On hearing of a difficulty arising with the composer, he wrote: "I like your ode uncommonly. I would not budge an inch for Dr. Crotch. I would go so far as to offer Dr. Crotch your frigate, which certainly does better for music than your long ode." It seems there was difficulty about arranging the words of the ode to music. Later on he inquired, "How did you and Dr. Crotch get on?" Keble replies: "Crotch has swallowed the frigate whole."

Like St. Philip Neri, Cardinal Newman took music in its widest sense. Dr. Ward once said that a "plain chant reminded him of original sin." "And if sometimes," wrote one who was a friend of the old Oratory days, "we all were so unfortunate as to have some week-day festival of Our Lady, with only the Gregorian chant, Father D. would say, 'We are burying Our Lady,' and Cardinal Newman felt the same way."

In 1889 Cardinal Newman was very ill, and when recovering said to a Father: "Father Faber wrote the hymn called the 'Eternal Years.' I have always had the greatest affection for it, quite a passionate affection, in connection with Father Faber, and I always used to think that when I came to die I should like to hear it sung to me." "Would a harmonium do?" "Yes, a harmonium would be just the

thing; perhaps one could be spared me." When evening set in a harmonium was put in the passage between his two rooms. A Father knelt by his side, reciting each verse, while others played and sang "The Eternal Years."

> "How shalt thou beneath the cross So dread a weight appears, Keep quietly to God and think Upon 'The Eternal Years?' "

On Trinity Sunday he preached twice in the Catholic Church in the city, this being the first time he had preached in Oxford since his conversion.

The following verses were written by Mother Frances Raphael in allusion to this event and were sent to the Cardinal in a letter of congratulation for the Feast of St. Philip Neri, May 26.

He was much pleased, and expressed his appreciation

of the sympathy shown in his usual kindly manner.

The lines have been printed in America, but never in England, and are inserted here as a memorial of the gratitude felt by those he honored with his friendship.

"OXFORD REVISITED." THE PAST.

"Calm days in cloistered shades, whose very air Is fragrant with the thoughts of ancient times, Where from old towers fall continuous chimes, Breaking the silence with a call to prayer; Such days be mine! 'mid their gray walls that wear Their tangled tapestry of purple bloom,' Grant me a blameless life and quiet tomb. 'Twas so he dreamed; but ruthless hands will tear The clinging tendrils from their buttressed home,

Youths' dreams are fled, and duty's dread command Breaks up his life with all it hoped and planned, And drives him on an unknown shore to roam, Yet sure a "Kindly Light" and guiding hand Will lead him safely to a better land.*

THE PRESENT.

Then hushed for years those slumbering echoes lay Which once resounded to a voice that spoke, To listening crowds, within those hearts awoke New life, new sense; wielding a magic sway; Whose perfumed memory ne'er shall pass away. The years roll on, and he returns once more, And those gray walls re-open wide their door. Past farewells blend with welcomes of to-day, And the old tones re-echo as of yore. But not as in old times it is with him, Whose eyes to-day with loving tears are dim; A joy is in his heart unknown before; No sad regrets those crowning glories stain, In life and death his loss has turned to gain.

THE FUTURE.

The Past is past, the longest day must end;
But not in storm the sunset hour draws near.
A gracious wind has swept the horizon clear,
Or only left the airy clouds that lend
A tenderer grace where all the roses blend.
Glory to God in Heaven! One in Three!
O, blessed faith! O, glorious Trinity!
E'en to the last Thy splendors dost thou send,
Gilding the mountain tops, the heaving sea,
The sunset clouds, that vast immensity!
Thine was the light on which from boyhood's days
Those eyes have loved to fix their wandering gaze.

^{*}Apologia, page 369.

It led him on through paths he could not see: Past, present, future, all he finds in Thee! Shine on, sweet light, through long Eternity!

On the 22d of May, 1880, Cardinal Newman went to Oxford, spending three days, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, and lodging at Trinity College

CHAPTER V.

TRIBUTE OF FRIENDS-LAST DAY OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Cardinal Newman had the rare faculty of making every one with whom he came in contact feel the influence of his sweetness and geniality of his disposition. It has often happened that the children of the Birmingham Catholic schools have obtained leave to spend the day at Rednal, near to where the Fathers of the Oratory own a few acres of heather-covered hill. On one occasion he was so delighted to have the opportunity of ministering to the children's happiness, sons and daughters of poor people, that he went out to meet them and conducted them through the little chapel and over the pleasure grounds, on the mountain side, his face beaming with joy and his manner as considerate as if he had been showing his attention to the children of nobles. He always had a very great attraction for young people, and has always striven to add to the happiness of those, whether pupils or otherwise, with whom he came in contact. This was the outcome of an exceedingly amiable disposition.

Cardinal Newman's love of truth was manifested in very early life. He carried it out to the letter. I must be pardoned if I borrow an anecdote from a lecture of Mr. Austin Adams, given in Union Hall, Albany, Thursday, March 2, 1899. When John Henry Newman was five years old he went with his mother to visit a family. One of the first questions the lady hostess asked the guest was, "On what train did you start?" Newman's mother answered, "The five o'clock train." The boy at once corrected her statement by 'saying, "The train, mamma, started at fifteen minutes to five." "Why, child," said she, "what difference does that make?" "I want you to be accurate," said the little John Henry. "I am afraid I shall have trouble with that boy," exclaimed the mother to the friend.

In no man of conspicuous mark in the world of thought has the combination of sweetness and brightness been more strongly exhibited. It is impossible to find any life in this century so simply and singly devoted to spiritual ends as Cardinal Newman's. Cardinal Newman made conversions easy to Englishmen, when before they were difficult. There is not a Catholic that does not feel in some way benefited in the conversion of this most admired man in the Anglican Communion—the writer of this is one of that number. George Eliot once thought of making a visit to Birmingham to see Cardinal Newman, whose Apologia she said breathed new life into her, especially the last passage, of which the writer apostrophized, the friends who shared his life at the Birmingham Oratory. "Such brotherly love," she remarked.

Would that she had made that visit! The following is from the Apologia:

"And you, dear Ambrose St. John, whom God gave me, he took away; who was the link between my old life and my new, who for more than thirty years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender, that have let me lean so hard upon you; who have watched me so narrowly, who never thought of yourself, if I was in question. These familiar, affectionate companions who were in Oxford, who have never been disloyal to me, those who had never been disloyal to me by word or deed, my solace and my relief, I humbly pray for all."

The roll-call of the Oratorian Fathers, whose mere names are so arranged by the great "Master of style" as to ring like music from the pages. It was one of those who were still left him, when Father Ambrose St. John was taken from his side, that the dying Cardinal, even when unconscious at the last, called on as "William, William," and who had been to the lonely celibate "as more than a begotten son."

There are some who have made their submission to the church since his death, and the amari aliquid in their joy and thankfulness has been they could not in this life tell him that he was the agent of their conversion.

Cardinal Newman loved whatever was beautiful in nature or actions. He loved the true and the good, the elected shield of his princely rank—three hearts, the escutcheon bears, and the legend "Cor ad cor loquitus" mark it. Three hearts, not friendship one to one, but charity divine, perfect in triple bond and one with all that suffers and that loves. And in this love he was like to his great patron, St. Philip Neri.

"An old man of sweet aspect, I love him more—do more admire."

Georgian Fullerton said once: "Lead thou me on. I do not ask to see the distant scene—one step is enough for me. My dearest mother, let me pray to thee in this sweet month of May, month of tears, month of prayer, month of grief, month of hope, beautiful month of flowers, more beautiful than the flowers of Paradise." This, I think, she said at the conversion of her husband, six years before her own conversion.

There is but one concentrated voice in praise of Cardinal Newman as author and as man.

> "Sweetly the light Shines from the solitary peak At Edgbaston."

It was in the early existence of Maryvale, a name chosen by Father Christy, S. J., that Gregory XIX., whose pontifical was drawing to a close, sent a silver crucifix with his blessing to Cardinal Newman and afterwards some devotional objects through Cardinal Acton.

R. H. Hutton says of Cardinal Newman: "If he had to suffer solitary confinement and were given his choice of books and he was limited to one or two, he would prefer some of Dr. Newman's to Shakespeare himself. Not that there is any comparison between the two. Dr. Newman could help him as none other of equal richness, variety and play of mind could help him."

There are no writings which combine as Cardinal Newman's do, so penetrating an insight into the relations of the human world around us in all its details, with so unwavering an inwardness of standard in the estimating and

judging of that world.

It has been said to the human and literary side of

Cardinal Newman's mind that we owe it in a very large degree, that High Church and Roman Catholic Church tendencies which his theology has taken, the Catholic Church's greatest convert.

Although Cardinal Newman had been brought up under Evangelical influence, he seemed to have a yearning after a very different life, the life in which the aspirations of the early and mediaeval church clothed its regenerate conception of harmony, duty and discipline.

Cardinal Newman, in his late years, frequently alluded to the universal tenderness which he met with in Ireland. He so desired to establish a Catholic University in Dublin. Father Mathew Russel, S. J., of Maynooth, was one of his great admirers.

"Many years have passed since he spoke," writes Aubrey de Vere, "but neither a Catholic University nor Catholic college, founded at once on the two principles of religious education and of educational equality has yet been provided.

A Newman was given to Ireland; one longing to make of her what she was called in early Christian times, namely, "The School of the West," and apparently she knew as little what to do with the gift as England had known. The opportunity was lost. A foundation stone was laid." On that occasion Aubrey de Vere wrote an ode, the aspiration of which, it is hoped, will be fulfilled.

It was that the statue of Newman might one day stand in the chief court of an Irish University.

Dublin is remarkable for its fine park, wide streets— Sackville street being the widest in Europe, now named O'Connell street in honor of the late Daniel O'Connell. who was the Gladstone of Ireland, who was so devoted to



DANIEL O'CONNELL



the interest of that country, and whose monument stands at the head of O'Connell street—a fine monument. Why should he not be so conspicuously honored by Ireland? Did he not ever have the interests of that country at heart? He possessed that open-heartedness that ever makes the true son of Erin. The prayer from his heart was no doubt that she may receive her due, using the old Jewish words, "O, daughter of Babylon, blessed shall thou be who shall repay thee as thou hast paid to us."

A tribute paid to him by an American journal: "Is he not a chieftain? Did you ever see a person of such power of the tongue? He could soar to the loftiest heights, in parliamentary debate." I never saw any one who could converse with an audience as he can. His voice flows as clearly and leisurely as in a circle round a fireside. His movements and conversation were of an extremely pleasing and fascinating description. He gained upon the heart of the individual he is talking with. His literary attainments were neither very extensive or profound.

The book of human nature was the volume he had most deeply studied. Never in any age or country has any man obtained over his nation an empire, so sovereign, so absolute, so entire. He lived in the love of his people smiled in their joys and wept in their sorrows. He transported them from fear to hope.

He was fond of discussing the "Puseyite movement." He looked on the Pusevites (followers of Dr. Pusey of England, and others of what is better known as the Tractarian movement) as the advance guard of the Catholic religion in England. He termed them "the pioneers of Catholicity." Speaking of the Established Church, the contrast between the past and present histories, he recalled an instance, illustrative of Episcopal "good nature."

A gentleman had been desirous of taking orders for the enjoyment of an excellent living, in the gift of the Bishop. The Bishop expressed some fears as to his theological knowledge,-was not sufficient for the ordinary duties of the pulpit, and recommended further study. Not long after the reverend gentleman was ordained and appointed to a living, a friend who knew him intimately asked him how he contrived to get over his examination. "Oh, very well, indeed," replied the reverend gentleman. "The Bishop was very good-natured and did not puzzle me with many "But what did he ask you?" inquired the other. "Why, he asked me who was the great mediator between God and men and I made a rough guess and said it was the Archbishop of Canterbury."

It is satisfactory to think that at the present day it would not be easy to find such a specimen as this of Episcopal "good nature."

When a Protestant lady became a member of his family, he thus addressed her on her arrival at Danynane: "You are," said he, "a Protestant and here at Danynane, the nearest place of worship of your own persuasion is at S—, which is twelve miles off. I have taken care that you shall not want the means of worshipping God, in your own way, on the Sunday. You shall have a horse to ride to Severy Sunday during the summer, and a fresh horse, if requisite, to ride back, and if the ride should fatigue you, your carriage shall attend you."

Her answer was, "I thank you, sir, but I have resolved to go to Mass."

"Going to Mass is nothing," rejoined O'Connell, "unless you believe in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and if you do not it is much better that you should continue

to attend your own place of worship. I shall provide you with the necessary accommodations." He was a great believer in the opinions of the fathers, the real presence, and all points theological.

During the latter part of Cardinal Newman's life, his brother, Prof. Francis William Newman (his youngest brother), whose path in life had widely diverged from the Cardinal's, visited him at Rednal—spent several days with him in quiet solitude. He died in the year 1897, unconverted to any religion whatever.

Few men have received so many dedications as Cardinal Newman did. To him was dedicated Father Faber's works on the "Blessed Sacrament," Cardinal Wiseman's "Panegyric on St. Philip Neri," and many others. one has been so much written about as Cardinal Newman. Since 1832 thousands of magazines and periodicals have been printed in which himself and his views are discussed or commented on.

On Saturday, August 9, 1890, Cardinal Newman, whose last appearance had been at High Mass a fortnight previous, was attended by a feeling of shivering; pneumonia developed rapidly. He was able to speak to those about him, received Extreme Unction-Viaticum was not administered, owing to his unconscious state. The Cardinal had received Holy Communion on the morning of his seizure. He died at twelve minutes to nine on the evening of Monday, August 11, 1890, at the patriarchal age of ninety years.

"Farewell, but not forever, brother, dear."

On account of the advanced age of Prof. Francis New-

man, his brother, and of Cardinal Manning, they were not able to attend the funeral. The congregation were Dukes of Norfolk and Newcastle, Lady Margaret Howard and a very large number of the nobility of England and Ireland. President of Trinity College, Oxford, his beloved college; Provincial of the Jesuits, the old boys of the Oratory, among whom walked the Duke of Norfolk, and the relatives of the deceased Cardinal. In the solemn procession were the Fathers of the Oratory and a number of priests in white surplices, members of the Orders Franciscans, Dominicans, Cistercians, the procession being closed by seventeen Bishops, clad in full pontificals, and a large number of the Episcopal orders.

The Bishop of Birmingham, wearing his mitre and occupying the Cardinal's Throne. The scene was intensely impressive and solemn. Mass was sung by a choir of clergy, without musical accompaniment, to the Gregorian setting. During the singing of the Dies Irae the officiating clergymen held lighted candles. After reading of the Gospel the pall was stripped from the coffin, and the dead Cardinal's vestments and symbols were taken away. The Mass then proceeded.

He was buried at Rednal, with his deceased friend, Father Ambrose St. John, Tuesday, August 19, 1890.

No more impressive testimony could have been afforded to the power, sincerity and simplicity of the great English Cardinal's life than the almost unanimous outburst of reverence from all the English churches, all the English sects.

"Nunquam minus solus quan cumsolus."

That is why he leaves such a blank behind him.

saintly life has never been more faithfully followed than by John Henry, Cardinal Newman. Cardinal Newman was the greatest Englishman of the century. He is of interest to the present generation, and to future generations his name will ever be a household word.

We can but now hope, with his own Gerontius, the mighty spirit is now saying: "I went to sleep and now I am refreshed."

The church history of our day will have its apostle canonized or uncanonized, a form will tower above all others as the apostle of the century.

The church of our day, as she always has had, her hidden souls, her secluded flowers of sanctity, with a beauty only partially revealed or only locally recognized, because

cloistered by vows or screened by humanity.

When we name John Henry Newman the individual man stands out before us, not endorsed as yet by any seal or signature of the church. He is not a mere fact in history. He belongs to biography. His home was in England, but he has written the facts of his life in a record which the wide world holds in its possession, and will not lose a deeply spiritual man. To England, an apostle; to Christianity, a great light. But even in his great character as an apostle, there is a wonderful peculiarity which attaches to him which makes him out as something dis-. tinct from all other apostolic men of this age or any other age.

Dr. Newman's peculiar vocation and life work was to bring Protestants, especially English Protestants, back to

the ancient faith.

Of course, like all other men, he had to look out for his own salvation. But we speak of him as a workman in the vineyard of Christ. He had a special call from Heaven which was peculiarly his own. He could not have recognized this call in his early years. He grew up to it by a slow consciousness. As he himself expressed it before his conversion he was only conscious that a "Kindly Light" was leading him, but whither he could not say. His way was dark and patiently and submissively he uttered his memorable prayer, "One step enough for me."

His own conversion came at last. He stood in the sanctuary of the Holy Church a Catholic. What was his vocation to be? Myriads of disciples looked after him with longing, loving eyes, who hesitated to follow his example, though they belonged to a wide and strong current which was flowing Romeward. His vocation is manifestly to lead his old companions and followers back to that fold where his own heart had found rest. This was Dr. Newman's own deep conviction. It lay at the very center of his soul. No one can appreciate Dr. Newman who fails to comprehend these signs of his apostleship. By this light we must read his true character. Who can forget the cry that came forth from Dr. Newman's heart when it became manifest that Pope Pius IX, and the majority of Bishops who composed the Vatican council were determined to press forward to a formal definition of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility! He himself was ready to receive it, but how would it tell upon the prospects of the true Faith among Anglicans?

"It will put the conversion of England back full fifty years." These words came forth to the world like a wail from a broken heart. In the winter of 1879 Dr. Newman was appointed Cardinal by Leo XIII. This was a triumph in the great cause of England's conversion. It

was a seal of approbation upon Dr. Newman's life work. He felt this in the very depths of his soul. He made no pretense of concealing his joy. To his own brethren of the Oratory he said: "The cloud is lifted from me forever" (see Bishop Ullathone's letter to Manning, March 4, 1879). As soon as able he hastened to Rome to express his gratitude to the Vicar of Christ. The manner in which it was done was a subject of merriment to his companions of the Oratory. The following is a brief account of it received by one of the Oratorians:

"On arriving at the Holy City, without a dream of using any formality, he hastened to the Vatican. He sent no announcement of his arrival beforehand, took no means to arrange for an interview, but simply dropped in. Leo XIII., who had served in the time of his predecessor as camerlingo, was perfectly capable of appreciating the joke, but received the new Cardinal in the same spirit of simplicity."

In this way, sometimes, "nice customs curtsy to great kings." An illustrious Pontiff of the church was closeted with England's great apostle, and both were joyful. Was anything else needful to that meeting?" (Reminiscences of a Catholic Crisis in England Fifty Years Ago.)

It ought not to be a surprise to any one interested in John Henry Newman to find that he encountered in his lifetime great adversities, as well as periods of prosperity; that he had times of bitter grief as well as hours of joy. Such is the lot of all men, and converts particularly suffer in like manner.

But can it be that such a man had enemies? Yet so it was. He mistrusted some with whom he had to deal con-

stantly, and with whom he would be supposed naturally to mingle on terms of friendship.

The reader will easily conjecture what I mean by perusing the following extract from a letter dated August 10, 1867:

"My Dear ——: You are quite right in thinking that the feeling of which, alas! I cannot rid myself in my secret * * has nothing to do with the circumstance that you may be taking a line in ecclesiastical matters which does not approve itself to my judgment.

"Certainly not; but you must kindly bear with me, though I may seem rude to you, when I give you the real interpretation of it. I say frankly, then, as a duty of friendship, that it is a distressing mistrust which now for four years past I have been unable, in prudence, to dismiss from my mind, and which is but my own share of a general feeling (though men are slow to express it, especially to your immediate friends), that you are difficult to understand. I wish I could get myself to believe that the fault was my own and that your own words, your bearing and your implications ought, though they have not, served to prepare me for your acts. No explanations offered by you, at present, in such a meeting (a meeting proposed by the other party) could go to the root of the difficulty as I have suggested it. It is only as time goes on that new deeds can reverse the old. There is no short cut to a restoration of confidence, when confidence has been seriously damaged. Yours affectionately,

"John H. Newman."

(Reminiscences of a Catholic Crisis in England Fifty Years Ago.)

Dr. Newman's sky was overhung with clouds like those

enumerated above. Such clouds at times breed tempest in the soul. Souls that are gentle and loving are made to suffer acutely in rough weather of this kind. Souls that are full of apostolic zeal have more to bear than belongs to ordinary nature. They are wearing a crown of thorns. Such was the life of John Henry Newman. Such trials, of course, have their alleviations. Religious England loved John Henry Newman. There is something historically wonderful in the love which clustered around his secluded but never lonely life. There was no solitude to him where the alleviations of sympathy could not reach him. His actual disciples were many and they, of course, understood him best. But behind them stood an admiring and loving multitude of English hearts to whom he was a magnet. Of course he had good reason to know this well, and it filled his life with alleviation, one of the noblest, grandest and most tender-hearted of men.

John Henry Newman was not destined to be a Savonarola. It was not the will of God to leave him without a grave or cover his life with a silence. On the contrary, there came a sunlight in his old age. It came from an unexpected quarter, and never left him thereafter. The eyes of Leo XIII. fixed themselves most benignantly upon him, and set a seal upon him, and upon the fruits of his labors. This enabled him to utter those memorable words which time cannot erase, "The cloud is lifted from me forever."

Forever is a far-reaching word. In the most limited meaning which Dr. Newman could intend by it was sufficient to cover the rest of his life in this world. We know that eleven years and more of life was still reserved for him. His nomination to the Cardinalate took place early in 1879; his death was August 11, 1890. This was the cloudless period of his life. We may look upon the latter vears of Cardinal Newman's life as years of joyous tranquillity. Bodily infirmity and the ordinary trials of life could not take away the peace of such a soul as his.

The last words of Cardinal Newman must be interpreted with a reference to that joyous expression of deliverance from sorrow with which he hailed the sunlight, which Leo XIII. had cast upon his soul eleven years before. He was speaking to the questioning eyes of the companions of his cloister.

He was speaking to them, and to hosts of loving countrymen behind them. Perhaps—and it is sweet to think so—perhaps he had also in his mind some of us, disciples and lovers whose homes are in America. The writer devoutly hopes so, as her own conversion and that of a dear companion was wholly due, one directly, the other indirectly, to that grand and loving man. "Let not your heart be troubled about the future," he intended to say. He said, "All is light! The hostilities that once threatened to bar out this dear old land against conversion have been silenced. Whatever struggles may still come to our cause the cloud is lifted from England, and lifted forever. I leave the world now with this sunlight in my soul."

Cardinal Newman was presented at the Norfolk House a testimonial in gold and silver. The gentle voice, the sad smile, that played upon that wonderful face had great effect upon all present. It was a wonderful face-eyes full of depth. When all was over he bowed everybody gracefully out of the apartments. He was graceful in every movement. He was the greatest theologian of the century, "the sweetest singer of the world unseen," the gentlest, the noblest of Englishmen; a blank is left in the world of cultured piety which no one can fill—a great leader of men, a man of saintly life, a master of English prose. The tenacity with which he clung to old friends was significant of much. His whole life was a sermon. "It is not the life of a man, but the drama of a saint." A soul occupied with the relations of itself to God. The saintly life has never been more faithfully followed than by Cardinal Newman.

He had critical sense of good English. After listening to an uncouth jargon, put up his hand impatiently, exclaiming, "Sufficit." He was a great spirit. No such profound intellect has been known among Catholics since the days of Pascal; no such master of language since the days of Bosseut. "Newman's royal English," to use Mr. Hutton's admirable phrase, was a true revelation of his kingly intelligence. No other man since the days of Shakespeare has possessed such a supreme dominion over our tongue.

Lord Coleridge, Moxley, Dean Church, Mr. Kegan Paul, R. H. Hutton, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, Dean Stanley and Sir Thomas Doyle, Lord Blatchford and Mr. Eilly all renew their admiration of the saintlike beauty of Cardi-

nal Newman's character.

Then friendships among men were less common when the Oxford movement began than they have since become. If it owed nothing else to the "Newmania" (as Bishop Hampden called it), would have reason to be grateful for the infusion of tenderness into the relations of man to man.

His friendship was regarded as one of the greatest blessings of men. He always seemed to divine the subjects which would specially interest the person to whom he was talking, and led up to them with a simple, natural courtesy that had a charm beyond the reach of art.

Never again to hear that voice or feel the influence of that serene sweetness, beaming from his face, or look into his candid eyes, whose brightness time had scarcely dimmed to the time of his death." In order to appreciate Cardinal Newman it was necessary to be with him in his own home, among the devoted Fathers and brethren with whom his daily life was passed.

The average duration of life renders it a rare thing that a span of a century shall be nearly filled by the career of any one distinguished man. Cardinal Newman has raised up before us the pattern of a lofty life and has been consistent to his own idea of Christian perfection. It was not the work of Cardinal Newman to devote himself to the masses, to the uneducated. Had he been called to do so he would have done it well. An evidence of his noble devotion in an outbreak of cholera in Birmingham-the Fathers all worked night and day until the plague was staid. It is a matter of fact his labors have been lain among gentleness, the educated, the refined, and scholars as he himself was. He was a masterful man, born to be a leader of men. The people of Birmingham looked upon him as a saint.

It was not everyone who was privileged to know Cardinal Newman intimately, not everyone who acknowledged the heroic in the illustrious Oratorian. It is given to a few to comprehend his genius, though, as the late Archbishop Ullathorne of St. Chad, Birmingham, used to say, "You have only to take in consideration that the child's intuition, sensitiveness and simplicity are carried through the life of the man." The Archbishop has left the following touching account of an interview with the aged Cardinal in the summer of 1885:

"We had a long cheery talk, but as I was rising to leave an action of his caused a scene I shall never forget, from its sublime lesson to myself. He said in a low and humble voice, 'My dear Lord, will you do me a favor?' 'What is it?' I asked. He glided on his knees, bent down his venerable head, and said, 'Give me your blessing.' I could not refuse without giving him great embarrassment.

"So I held my hand on his head and said, 'My dear Lord Cardinal, notwithstanding all laws to the contrary, I pray God to bless you, and that the Holy Spirit may be full in your heart.' As I walked to the door, refusing to put on his berretta, he went with me. He said, 'I have been indoors all my life, while you have battled for the church in the world.' I felt annihilated in his presence. There is a saint in that man," said the late Archbishop Ullathorne.

During the latter part of the Cardinal's life he used to retire to Rednal, a tiny country house, a few miles from Birmingham-where the Oratorians purchased and laid out a retreat and a cemetery. Here dear Father St. John was buried, and here the Cardinal liked to spend days of absolute seclusion. Rednal has a fine view of a beautiful valley on the side facing Birmingham. There are only a few graves, each surmounted by small crosses bearing the name of the Father of the Oratory. The house is covered with vines. According to the Cardinal's own wishes, the grave of Father Ambrose St. John had been opened to receive his remains. United in life, they were not separated in death.

Father Domine, who baptized Cardinal Newman, died on a railway platform. Father Spencer fell by the wayside alone. Cardinal Newman fell asleep, peacefully, in his own home he so dearly loved, and of which he spoke so touchingly when he last came back from Rome, with his brethren, of one of whom it has been said "that he was more to the celibate than a begotten son."* At peace with the outside world, with many old and long disrupted friendships refined in the warmth of a pleasant evening of life, with the echoes still ringing in his ears of their acclamations of love and esteem, while both within and out the church rang like music around him, when he came back to Protestant England, an English Cardinal, universally beloved and respected. As Catholics we can but seek and find consolation in remembrance of his Catholic life, and with gratitude also do we linger over the story of how long ago he departed from friends, from studies and interests, and from that Oxford which had so long been his home—when the word of the Lord came to him as did to Abraham of old. It is a joy as it is a lesson to recall how humble he was, and how absolved he was in the great act, when he daily offered the tremendous sacrifice of the Altar of God. Beautiful were the tributes elicited from the conspicuous pulpits of Anglicanism, and most affecting to Catholics.

Many who have written of Cardinal Newman, with genuine feeling, to whom the author of "Lead, Kindly Light," still loved and prayed at Birmingham—was a real source of spiritual strength—have given very imperfect accounts of the man himself. There have indeed been a

^{*}William Payne Neiville.

few beautiful sketches of personal friends. "NEWMAN WAS NEWMAN." He had a hold on the unseen world. He was not in touch with things around him. He was interested in everything that was going on in science, politics and literature. He delighted in Miss Austen and Anthony Trollope. He enjoyed a good story from Pickwick.

This is all true of the man whose sense of religious mystery was surpassed by few. He lived in the Oratory and saw little or nothing of the world. "Cor ad cor loquitur" was his motto, and it expressed the man. loved to unbend himself among his familiar friends. sense of humor was of the keenest. His lifelong habit formed at Oxford of being intimate with those whose objects were his objects, and who loved and understood him, had been to him a second nature. He felt the heartlessness of the world, but he withdrew from the world only to give himself more fully to it.

He was like his own St. Philip Neri, and a friend has written of his naturalness or the simplicity with which he laughed at "his floor," as he called his failures.

His prayers for himself and his friends were not for heavy trials some saints have asked for, but that "they might be overlooked, passed over, as members of the crowd."

He carried out the work of St. Philip Neri, who by his love for those who leant upon him, and by his personal character drew all men unto him for guidance and advice, winning respect and esteem from Jew and infidel as well as members of the church.

So did Cardinal Newman by the power of his personality find himself the center of influence, among whom were a number of priests, laymen non-Catholics, as well as Catholics. St. Philip Neri, the simple priest, was called the "Apostle of Rome." The English Oratorian was as a representative, as critics have expressed it, canonized at his death by the voice of the English people. The present writer feels how much has not even been touched on what is essential to the Cardinal's influence—his faithfulness to his friends, "faithful and true"—no tone of resentment, of injury to his friends. His tenderness and sympathy with the distressed in faith, which made others almost fear at times lest in meeting them half way that he was losing sight of the very principles, when, in reality, he was protecting, made him truly human amid his greatness. As Nirvana was Nirvana, Newman was Newman.

The last words of Cardinal Newman were, "I hear the music of heaven. All is sunshine."

Raffaelle is said to have "thanked God he lived in the days of Michael Angelo." Lord Coleridge says: "There are scores of men I know, there are hundreds and thousands, I believe, who thank God that they have lived in the days of John Henry, Cardinal Newman."

No one who had not lived in England at that time can understand the popularity and the reverence still survives. Long do we linger on the story of how long ago he departed from friends, how absorbed he was in the great act which he daily offered, the tremendous sacrifice of the Altar of God. How, as the end drew near, he could no longer celebrate daily mass, he found his consolation in telling his beads, refreshing his soul in the contemplation of the mysteries of our Lady's Rosary.

By such remembrance is he linked to Catholics who never knew his face or heard his voice.

Mother Frances Raphael writes of the Cardinal's

death: "I can think of nothing else, at present, although very busy, but the death of that dear saint, and it seemed only yesterday to see him as he knelt at our dear Mother's (Mother Imelda) grave that memorable day.

"The troubles and disappointments of life are a hackneyed theme, and yet no one, to my mind," says Mother Frances Raphael, "except perhaps Cardinal Newman, has ever said the real thing about it. He always felt the mystery of life—and it is a mystery, so good, so bad, so rich, and yet so empty; such a complete paradox that it contains in itself, quite apart from the teachings of faith, all-sufficing proof that it cannot be ended here, and there must be elsewhere a solution to its perplexities."

Cardinal Newman helped people wonderfully to keep peace in their soul—and his printed prayers seem to put into words just what one desires to say to God. And how humble they are, so full of profound self-abasement.

In the work entitled "A Memoir of Mother Frances Raphael, O. S. D.," we find an extract giving an account of Cardinal Newman's visit to Stone, on the occasion of the celebration of Saint Catherine of Siena.

"There was one memorable feature in the celebration which was a source of great joy. The venerable Cardinal Newman was present," writes Mother Frances Raphael (Augusta Thedosia Drane). "Cardinal Newman," writes Mother Frances Raphael, "with great kindness and condescension, invited himself to our festival. The bishops and priests were already in the sanctuary when he arrived. Mother Imelda and I waited to receive him, and I shall never forget seeing the dear old man enter, his kind manner and the pleasant words he spoke. We took him to the infirmary tribune, when he could assist at the functions

unseen. From thence the sanctuary presented a beautiful spectacle, all lit up by the April sun.

"After dinner he took part in the procession of the relics round the garden, wearing his scarlet robes."

In gratitude for the honor he showed the community, by being present at their festival, Mother Imelda promised that a prayer should be offered for him every evening in public, which was continued until his death.

As the Cardinal had visited the community in the season of joy, so now his kind heart moved him to comfort them in time of their sorrow—the death of Mother Imelda.

He expressed a wish to say mass over her grave. A day was fixed. Having accidentally left his ring at home, he wore Dr. Ullathorne's consecration ring, which had been given to the convent as a memento after the Archbishop's death.

He was afterwards taken to the choir that he might pray by Mother Imelda's grave and Mother Margaret's. "He knelt by the two graves some time in silent prayer and we all knelt with him. There was a wonderful hush and silence all the time. No sound indoors or out, but a profound stillness. It was a dull, gray day, but a ray of sunshine suddenly darted through the casement and fell directly on dear Mother Imelda's grave. The effect of that silence and that ray of light was something impossible to describe. The Cardinal said as he returned through the cloister, 'I would not have missed that for worlds.'"

In the archives of Stone, England, more than one letter of the Cardinal is preserved as a valuable treasure. One was written in answer to sympathy expressed with him when death deprived him of his dearest friend, Father Ambrose St. John.

"Thank you," he writes, "for your letter so full of sympathy. Every one who is not cut off himself has to bear to have his friends cut off from him, for scarcely any two lives are synchronic, or end together.

"It has been a great shock, but, thank God, not for an instant have I been unable to recognize it as a great mercy. But I do not expect ever to recover from it; and that I do believe to be the intention of it on the part of our loving Lord; it is the infliction in love of a wound that will never close. You are one of those who, from the number of years you have known me, can estimate what my loss is."

The only devotion Cardinal Newman could take part in in his last days suggests the late Father Ryan's beautiful

little poem:

MY BEADS.

Sweet blessed beads! I would not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kingly diadem.
Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief
In all the days of twenty years.
And I have moistened you with tears,
And in your decades found relief.

Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed, And joys have died, but in my needs Ye were my friends, my blessed beads, And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time, in grief,
My weary fingers wandered round
Thy circle chain, and always found
In some Hail Mary sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell Of inner life, to all unknown; I trusted you, and you alone; But, ah! ye keep my secret well.

Ye are the only chain I wear—
A sign that I am but the slave
In life and death, beyond the grave,
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.
Rev. A. J. Ryan, Mobile, Alabama.

SELECTIONS FROM CARDINAL NEWMAN'S WRITINGS.

Happy the man who in the susceptible season of youth hears such a voice as Cardinal Newman's. It is a possession to have forever—such an impression both in his Anglican days and in his subsequent conversion. Some one, who was present, said:

"When Dr. Newman read historical books of the Old Testament, in which there were a long line of kings, in Dr. Newman's mouth it became a most effective sermon.

"The change, decay and emptiness of life." Never did any one hear, any one utter the august orisons consecrated by the highest functions of religion as was uttered by Cardinal Newman. This is what he said of mass: "It is not a mere form of words. It is a great action, the greatest that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely. Words are necessary as means, not as ends. They are not addressed to the Throne of Grace. They are instruments of what is far higher, the consecration of the sacrifice. Quickly they go, and quickly they pass, for they are as the words of Moses, "The Lord came down in a cloud," and, as Moses, we, too, bow our heads and adore,

and like a concert of musical instruments, each differing but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There, children, old men, simple laborers, students, priests preparing for mass, priests making their thanksgiving—there are innocent maidens, penitent sinners-but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn.*

Cardinal Newman once said to Canon Knox Little: "It is very pleasant to decorate your chapels, oratories and structures now, but you cannot be doing this forever. It is pleasant to adopt a habit or vestments, to use your office book, or your beads, but it is like feeding on flowers, unless you have that objective vision in your faith-sacrificial in your reason of what your devotional exercises ecclesiastical appoint, and the suitable expressions. They will not in the long run have any effect or influence indi-It is well to have rich architecture, curious works of art, and splendid vestments, and if externals were the real thing it would be perfectly beautiful, if you have a present God. But, oh! what a mockery, if you have not. If your external surpasses what you have within you, all is so far as hollow as your evangelical opponents who baptize, yet expect no grace.

"Then your church becomes not a home, but a sepulchre like the high cathedral which you do not know what to do with-which you, shut up and make monuments of, sacred to the memory of what has passed away."

Canon Knox Little said: "Cardinal Newman would have never left the Anglican church in 1845 had he foreseen the Roman collar would be worn—how many beards shaved."

^{*}Loss and Gain, p. 290.

"A convert comes to learn and not to pick and choose. He comes in simplicity and confidence, and it does not occur to him to weigh and measure every proceeding, every practice, which he meets with among those whom he has joined. He comes to Catholicism as to a living system. with a living teaching and not a mere collection of decrees and canons, which by themselves are of course but the framework, not the body and substance of the church. And this is a truth which concerns, which binds, those also who never knew any other religion, not only the convert. The convert comes not only to believe the church, but also to trust and obey her priests, and to conform himself in charity to her people. It would never do for him to resolve that he never would say a Hail Mary, never avail himself of an indulgence, never kiss a crucifix, never accept the Lent dispensations, never mention a venal sin in confession. All this would not only be unreal, but would be dangerous, too, as arguing a wrong state of mind, which could not look to receive the divine blessing.

"Moreover, he comes to the ceremonial and the moral theology, and the ecclesiastical regulations, which he finds on the spot which his lot is cast.

"And, again, as regards matters of politics, of education, of general experience, of taste, he does not criticise or controvert. And thus surrendering himself to the influence of his new religion, and not risking the loss of revealed truth, altogether by attempting by a private rule to discriminate every moment its substance from its accidents, he is gradually indoctrined in Catholicism."*

How many are the souls in distress, anxiety, or loneliness, whose one need is to find a being to whom they can

^{*}Anglican Difficulties, p. 370.

pour out their feelings unheard by the world. They can not tell them to those whom they see every hour. They wish to tell them to one who can at once advise and sympathize with them.

How many a Protestant's heart would leap at the news of such a benefit, putting aside all distinct ideas of a sacramental ordinance or of a grant of pardon and the conveyance of grace! The world does not know the value of confession, of the man who is the friend of the soul, its most intimate confidant, its physician, its master, its light, the man who binds and loosens us, who gives us peace, who opens to us heaven, to whom we speak on our knees, calling him "Father." Woe to me if when I am at his feet I see anything but our Lord, listening to the Magdalen, forgiving her much, because she has loved much. Confession is an expansion of repentance into love; it is a great benefit to the Christian soul. I look upon a pious, earnest confessor as a great instrument in the hands of God for the salvation of souls, for his counsels seem to guide our affections, to enlighten us of our faults, to help us to avoid the occasion of sin, to raise the downcast spirit; in short, to remove or mitigate all diseases of the soul. What greater happiness than to find a faithful friend—then how much more so to find one who shall be bound by the inviolable religion of a divine sacrament to preserve the faith, and to save souls, the man who is the friend to the soul, is its most intimate confidant and its physician, its light!

If there is a heavenly idea, surely next after the Blessed Sacrament confession is such. I once heard a friend say that she could give up other sacraments of the church better than confession. It was such a consolation-and she was a convert.

"The very act of kneeling, the low and contrite voice, the sign of the cross hanging, so to say, over the head, bowed low, and the words of peace and blessing. Oh what a soothing charm is there, which the world can never give nor take away! Oh, what piercing, heart-subduing, tranquillity, provoking tears of joy, is poured almost substantially and physically upon the soul—the oil of gladness, as Scripture calls it, when the penitent at length arises, his God revealed, reconciled to him, his sins rolled away forever! This is confession as it is in fact."*

The Catholic religion is in perfect harmony with the feelings which beautiful scenery inspires. I look upon it as a mark of God's infinite goodness, to have given us a belief which preserves us from falling into error in matters of dogma. It is true if we all had the mission and right to determine our faith ourselves, and to trust to our own light alone to do so, only tell me what opinion or conviction would be the same in two individuals. Would not each man's belief be influenced by the extent of his own capacity or comparative goodness of his heart?

What a confusion would ensue! You must see to what excess imagination might lead us, and how at loss an uneducated, an incapable man, would find himself. Instead of this, God, in His infinite love and goodness, has given us a light to protect us from error. The church is the visible form of faith. Persons will tell us they cannot understand confession. I will speak of the happiness it affords, for we must practice it to appreciate its value.

Because every man knows he ought to be good, is it useless he should be reminded of it, and that his own reflection always suffer?

^{*}Present Position of Catholics.

There are in words directly addressed to ourselves by a living person a power and fullness which we would seek in vain in our thoughts or in books. Man, whose life is a perpetual struggle against all passion, knows by experience all our miseries and sufferings. He arouses us from apathy, comforts us in affliction, and restores us to hope and trust. Some persons will say, it will not excuse us before God. They plead we learn our creed from a priest, and this is the danger from which we are quite safe. The priest can neither deceive or be deceived, for his doctrine is not his own. He gives us that which the church is the keeper, in which we have all one and the same faith and for one and the same body.

Morethanforty years ago he wrote the following words: "Oh, my God and Saviour, support me in that hour, in the strong arms of Thy Sacrament. Let the absolving words be said over me, and the holy oil sign and seal me, and Thy body be my food, and Thy blood my sprinkling; and let sweet mercy breathe over me, and my angel whisper peace to me, and my glorious saints and my own dear Father smile on me, that in all and through all I may receive the gift of perseverance. I desire to live in Thy faith, and in Thy church, and in Thy service, and in Thy love."

As Catholics, we can but seek and find consolation in the remembrance of his Catholic life and virtues.

I can but add a quotation from an English publication:

"Lead, Kindly Light," from lips serene as strong, Chaste as melodious, on world-weary ear.

Newman, farewell! Myriads whose spirits spun

The limitation thou didst love so well. Who never knew the shades of Oriel Or felt their quickened spirit's pulse and burn Beneath that eye's regard, that voice's spell.

No English heart will forego unfeigned pain In honoring thee, master of our tongue, On whose words, writ or spoken, ever hung All English ears, which knew that tongue's best charm.

Not as great Cardinal, nor as pride of Oriel, But as the noble spirit, stately sweet, Gentle of soul, though greatly militant, Saintly without touch of cant, Him England honors, so bend to-day in reverent grief o'er Newman's glorious clay.

It remains for me to thank my friends who have helped me with their judgment in revising the proofs of my work.

The writer hopes she may succeed to impart to her readers some at least of the great interest which has been derived from the study of the Cardinal's personality and of his career.

Some of the events, though long past, seem to supply the key to more recent developments of religious thought, which occupy the attention of many of us both in England and America

So much has been written about Cardinal Newman, so many minds have striven to do justice through the public press, that it seems almost unnecessary in the pages of a brief sketch of his life to trespass on ground which belongs to the critic more than the biographer. This is but a few personal reminiscences. If they afford pleasure and entertainment the writer will be greatly repaid.

It is intended by the writer, who is also a convert, to interest Catholics, and Protestants, giving no offense to any, but presenting a few personal incidents of the beautiful life of Cardinal Newman, whose name has been a household word for a number of years to the writer of this little work. He belongs to no special place—the whole world does him homage.

"In modest patience and in hope serene, In all things keeping to the even mean, Hating no creed, tho' fervent in his own, He lived in faith, nor wished to live alone— Longing that all his every wish should share, For every sect some charity would spare. So like a 'Kindly Light' amid the gloom The weary safely lead, tho' far from home."

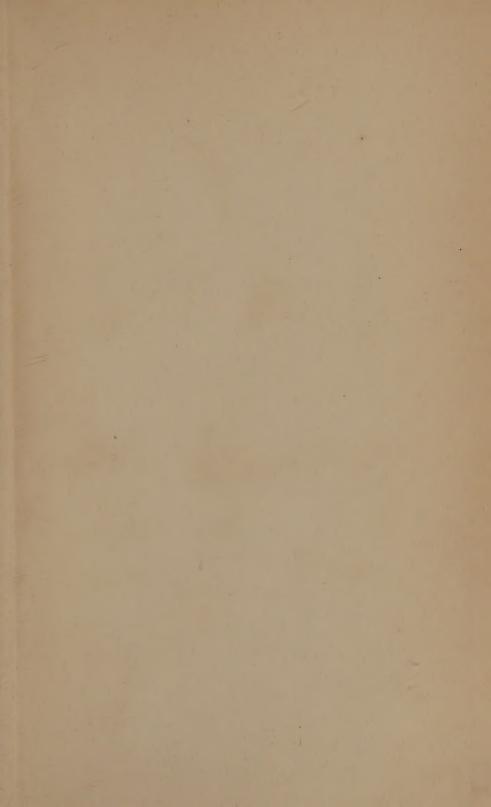
Man of learning, saintly life, and never failing gentleness, pure, beautiful as an old world cloistered legend, it has faded gracefully out of existence, but like a dead rose its fragrance cannot die, but will perfume the pages of his life's story for all time.

Those who loved him in life must not forget him in death.

The sweet essence of prayer, the solemn requiem of the church, must ascend to Heaven for his soul.

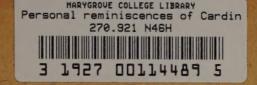
Requiescat in pace.





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